THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES

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THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTÈS

The "Sundial" Illustrated Historical Memoirs—

THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN

THE MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE SÉGUR

THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTÈS

MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF ROBESPIERRE

by Maria Helen Williams

THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTÈS

Miniature painted by J. Isabey in 1824 — *Collection de Mely*

Frontispiece

THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTÈS

1830

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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TRANSLATED BY
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1830

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INTRODUCTION

THE following Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantès are incorporated in the last volume of the author's *Mémoires sur la Restauration*, published in 1837, shortly before her death. This work is very rare and fetches a high price. It certainly deserves to be better known, and though it may not have obtained the vogue of the author's celebrated *Mémoires Historiques sur Napoleon*, it ought in no way to be neglected, for it abounds in documents essential to the study of the reigns of Louis XVIII and Charles X. Moreover, the personality of the Duchess of Abrantès is too engaging to allow of less consideration being given to the memoirs of her riper years than to those of her youth.

* * * * *

Laure de Permon (the future Duchess of Abrantès) was born November 6, 1784, at Montpellier, where her father, on retiring from the army, had obtained a post as receiver of finances. Her mother, a native of Corsica, claimed descent from the illustrious Byzantine family of the Comnènes, who provided the Orient with kings and emperors at the time of the crusades.

It does not appear to be generally known that the exact name of the Permon family was *Martin de Permon*,

as is proved by the baptismal certificate of the Duchess of Abrantès drawn by M. Pierre Louys from the parish registers of Montpellier. Nor did the Duchess ever give herself any illusions regarding her origin, for she wrote in her *Mémoires sur le Consulat:* "My father was a commoner if ever there was one."

Laure de Permon was acquainted from childhood with Napoleon Bonaparte, the man who was to shape her destiny. The Bonaparte and Permon families had long been associated, and the young officer became a frequent visitor at M. de Permon's house when the latter established himself in Paris shortly before the Revolution while negotiating the purchase of a commission as inspector general of taxes. The little girl's intelligence opened out at a time when the terrible episodes of the Revolution could not fail to impress her young imagination and cut deeply into her memory. At the time of the September massacres, M. and Mme. de Permon realised that it was unsafe for them to remain in Paris. Accordingly, they took refuge at Toulouse, leaving their two daughters, Laure and Cécile, at a boarding school in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Things having quietened down on the 9th of Thermidor, and M. de Permon being away on business at Bordeaux, Mme. de Permon returned to the capital, took her daughters to live with her, and re-established relations with such friends as the guillotine or the emigration had spared.

Among those who resorted to her house were two Corsicans, who never met without indulging in lively arguments. They were Salicetti, deputy for Bastia at the Convention, and General Bonaparte, who was then

GENERAL JUNOT, DUKE OF ABRANTÈS

Lithograph after a portrait by Gros

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in disgrace. The fieriness, energy and blunt manners of the General captivated the attention of Laure, who retained a vivid memory of all the things which the future hero of Austerlitz said and did in those days.

When the people invaded the Convention on the 1st of Prairial and a violent reaction set in against the deputies, several of whom were arrested and brought to trial, Salicetti, bearing in mind that Mme. de Permon was under certain obligations to him, came trembling with fear to seek a refuge in her house. She disguised him as a footman in order to rescue him from his pursuers and take him with her to Bordeaux. Wishing to show his extreme gratefulness for these good offices, he did not hesitate to voice his desire to be the future husband of Laure, who was then only twelve years old. Mme. de Permon offered her apologies, while Laure fled in fear from the sight of the man. No doubt this adventure helped in no small degree to strengthen her memory of those wild, violent years and to awaken in her the gift of observation and the art of measured speech, besides endowing her understanding with vigour.

Shortly after this episode, M. de Permon returned to Paris with his family. It was not long before he fell ill. Getting weaker and weaker, he died on the eve of the 13th of Vendémiaire, the day which was to bring General Bonaparte upon the scene and transform him into a hero. M. de Permon left nothing to his heirs, his large fortune having been dissipated in some mysterious manner. Nevertheless his widow continued leading a luxurious life in a small mansion in the Chaussée d'Antin rented by her son Albert, who, by

dint of hard work, managed to keep her free from all care.

Bonaparte often visited these friends of his in the Chaussée d'Antin. He was sometimes accompanied by his aides-de-camp, Junot and Muiron. One day Bonaparte offered point-blank to marry Mme. de Permon. At the same time it was suggested that his comrade, Albert, should become the husband of his sister Pauline, while his brother Jerome should be engaged to Laure! The beautiful widow could not help laughing at the absurd proposal, coming as it did from a general who might have been taken for her son. Bonaparte was nettled, and for some time afterwards was rather stiff towards her for treating him so frivolously.

Subsequently, while Bonaparte was carrying out his glorious campaign in Italy, Laure de Permon blossomed into a good-looking, intelligent young Society girl. She constantly appeared at balls and routs, and shone at the gatherings at the Thélusson and Richelieu houses. Her mother was already thinking of marrying her off, and did not hesitate to accept the proposal of General Junot.

Junot had already for some time been aide-de-camp to Bonaparte, whom he had accompanied to Egypt and Italy, and at the age of thirty had just been appointed Military Governor of Paris. The young Governor seemed destined to have a very fine future. Absolutely devoted to the First Consul, by whom he had been singled out during the siege of Toulon in 1793, he was backed up by a reputation for the utmost bravery, to which his striking wounds bore witness.

A soldier before all else, passionate, brutal, he possessed a sullen temper which never left him except when he was about to march against the enemy. In the meantime he was turbulent and undisciplined and went after adventures. Bonaparte was greatly attached to him as his companion in arms, and knew him to be his bondsman, although he would have liked to get rid of his shortcomings and make him steadier. To accomplish this he counted on the blessings of a good marriage. It was his hope that the future wife of the General would have sufficient power and influence to bridle her husband's too impulsive nature. So difficult a task was not in keeping with Laure de Permon's tender age, and Bonaparte did not appear at all pleased to see Junot marry a girl who was hardly more than a child, and without even a fortune. Wishing to mitigate the imprudence of his aide-de-camp, the First Consul settled upon him a sum of 100,000 francs to which he added 40,000 francs as a wedding gift from himself. Yielding to the force of example, the bride's brother handed over to her the sum of 60,000 francs, the whole of his savings! The marriage was celebrated on October 30, 1800, and was accompanied with all the elaborate pomp and show which Bonaparte urged upon his generals.

The young wife revelled in her brilliant social position. She spent money right and left, realising the part she had to play in the *military aristocracy* which was then trying to secure a footing for itself. She could do nothing better than receive with every show of magnificence both the old and the new society, luxuriousness being the best means to draw forth the

goodwill of everybody, especially that of the First Consul, who wished his companions to be *grands seigneurs*, and distributed enormous sums of money among his generals so that they might keep up the style of life he prescribed for them. Mme. Junot revealed from the beginning her capacity as a hostess. She was admitted to the intimate life of the Tuileries, and took part in the social comedies improvised by the little Malmaison Court. It is even said that she captured the attention of Bonaparte so much as to make him forget himself in pleasant foolery. The intrigue, however, was of short duration and soon forgotten. When the baby Josephine Junot was born, her godparents were Bonaparte and his wife, who made the occasion an opportunity for offering the parents a mansion in the Champs Elysées.

The Empire having been proclaimed while Junot was in command of a division of "Grenadiers réunis" at Arras, he was summoned to Paris to take part in the escort which was to accompany the Emperor on the day of his coronation. Shortly after, he was appointed ambassador to the King of Portugal, and Mme. Junot accompanied him to Lisbon.

The ambassadress was scarcely more than twenty years old. She accomplished the journey across Spain "with an army of mules which carried her luggage and drew her five carriages and a van." She held the view that her task in Portugal was to represent the women of France—as M. Turquan has pointed out in his excellent work *La Duchesse d'Abrantès*—and she desired to carry out her mission with great show. But her stay in Portugal was a short one, for she was

THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTÈS

Medallion by David d'Angers

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suddenly called to Paris to be lady-in-waiting, while Junot went to repress a revolt that had broken out at Parma.

Returning on July 19, 1806, Junot was re-appointed Governor of Paris, and by a special favour the Emperor united with this command that of the first military division. While Napoleon was carrying out his campaign in Germany, the Governor gave brilliant receptions at his new domain of Raincy, but grieved at being obliged to remain inactive while his companions in arms were fighting. As a way out he found nothing better to do than to pay court to the Emperor's sister, the wife of Maréchal Murat, and Grand Duchess de Berg! On the conclusion of the peace of Tilsitt, Napoleon was informed of the Governor's intrigue soon after his arrival in Paris, and in a great rage decided to send him away by giving him the command of an expedition against Portugal. As long as the expedition lasted, Mme. Junot continued taking part in the social life of the Tuileries, and was courted by Prince Metternich, the Austrian ambassador. Having bought the Raincy estate at a high price, the Emperor suggested that Mme. Junot should go to Portugal and "play the little queen" there. He had just appointed her husband Governor General of that country while maintaining him in his former functions and creating him Duke of Abrantès, a title which the new Duchess declared to be "the prettiest name of the lot."

Not long afterwards the Duchess of Abrantès went to reside at the Folie St. James at Neuilly, not far from the abode of Prince Metternich. She soon got up a theatre and performed plays. With more than one

grudge against Junot, Napoleon was ill-pleased to see his wife receiving certain foreigners whom he wished to keep at a distance. But the chief cause for the Imperial displeasure with the Duke of Abrantès was the Cintra agreement, which the Duke had signed after his defeat by the English. It was an unfortunate compromise dealing with the evacuation of Portugal by the French army. The immediate result of the Cintra agreement was to cause Junot to lose his title of aide-de-camp to the Emperor.

The following year the Duchess went to Spain with her husband, who commanded the 8th Army Corps. She faced with courage the fatigues and dangers of those travels in a hostile country, running every moment the risk of being carried off by guerrilla-men, and in the towns getting up fêtes and giving balls just as she had done in Paris. At Ciudad Rodrigo, Junot was obliged to leave her. She regained Salamanca, where a French army was in garrison, and stayed there till the end of the war. Her husband was then able to join her and accompany her back to France.

He did not long remain inactive. He commanded an army corps in the Russian campaign, and definitely turned the Emperor against him after the Smolensk affair. The 29th Bulletin, issued after that event, speaks of his conduct in very harsh terms. The disgrace overwhelmed him, and when he met his wife after the disastrous retreat, he stood before her a changed man, ill, unbalanced, and haunted by the idea of getting himself killed at the next battle. Appointed Governor of the Illyrian Provinces, from the day of his arrival at his post he was the cause of much uneasi-

ness to his entourage. It was decided to call him home. On his way back to France he was struck down with cerebral fever and died at Montbard, July 29, 1813.

* * * * *

From that time on, the Duchess suffered an irremediable downfall. Notwithstanding the uncertainty of her position, she managed to save appearances. Her salon continued to enjoy its former reputation, and her house remained as before the meeting place of all the notabilities of Paris. Forsaken by Napoleon, she set her face in another direction, and took part in the intrigues which prepared the return of the Bourbons. She made every effort to safeguard her fortune, soliciting the maintenance of her personal pension or trying to obtain an entail for her eldest son. Louis XVIII, however, only consented to grant her an indemnity of 80,000 francs for a superb illuminated bible which Junot had taken from Portugal as a keepsake and which was claimed by the Portuguese Court.

During the early years of the Restoration, the Duchess of Abrantès was in difficulties regarding the necessities of life, and tried hard to keep a few remnants of her former splendour. Once her fortune gone, she was ill prepared by her former habits of sumptuousness and prodigality under the Imperial régime to adapt herself to what was for her an insignificant position, namely, to be satisfied with an income of 50,000 francs, which the wise administration of her fortune would have guaranteed. She tried, however, to maintain her show of luxuriousness, and soon found herself obliged to have recourse to shifts. She sold

the fine library, valuable furniture and celebrated stock of wines which Junot had left. Then she began to borrow money.

From that moment she was never at rest. She was always having to write, solicit, foresee difficulties, and do her utmost to take care of her own and her children's future.

Here is an unpublished letter which reveals the mother's heart. She must have written many letters of this kind in those days. It was addressed, about 1828, to Baron de Rayneval, requesting him to use his influence to obtain a post at the Foreign Office for her eldest son, the Duke of Abrantès:

"Although my son is only twenty-one years old," she writes, "I have already got for him a settlement such as I may never hope for again nor he may ever find. It is a money marriage, but the family is respectable: the father wants to make his daughter a duchess. Everything is agreed upon for the signing of all the arrangements so that the marriage may take place in two or three years' time, as the young people are too young at present. But before taking up the pen to sign, the father has made a stipulation, on the score of which he evinces a stubbornness which nothing will move: he wants to be quite certain, he says, that my son will have an occupation. He is not concerned about the post itself, but he has got hold of the idea that once the young man is sure of the fortune, he will do nothing. Now a man who has earnt his millions by his own industry thinks nothing in the world so grievous as idleness.

"You see, therefore, M. le Baron, what it is that urges me to request you to be for us at the present moment the man who can do everything. I was brought to the verge of despair when M. de La Féronnays turned me down last January; when I saw your name, I cried out for joy! Your kind reception went to my heart. Since I have been living in retirement I very rarely go out, except to pay my respects to the King from time to time, and to see a few good friends who have not forgotten me. I was greatly moved to find that you were among them; I was almost sure of it because I had long been aware of your noble character, and I knew that you were not one of those who need to see in order to remember.

"I appeal, therefore, to your regard for the unfortunate Duke of Abrantès: I do so for the sake of his son. It is most urgent, I repeat, that my son should have a job as soon as possible. There are two great reasons for this. The first is that we shall then be able to conclude the arrangements now held up, which not only assure him of an excellent living, but will also enable him later on to carry out his work in a worthy manner, since a large personal fortune is never out of place in a career of that sort. Secondly, now that his education is finished, not a day passes but I tremble to see him left to his own resources. Living as I do in my convent (the Augustinian convent, Rue des Bernadins) and retiring at nine o'clock of the evening, I am not in a position to furnish him with the occupation or distractions necessary to fill up the vacant time, which, at his restless age, is likely otherwise to be filled in manner that might be disastrous. No doubt, you

may say, there's no work done at nine o'clock of the evening. Agreed! But when the daytime has been occupied and a chain of ideas established, everything goes like clockwork, and it is quite in order to have a little distraction in the way of going to the theatre or playing music. Judge of my distress if my son should, through idleness, do something silly that would override all my precautions and shatter my hopes. Forgive the length of my letter, but I felt I must tell you of the anxiety that fills me. I venture to ask you for the sake of our old friendship to help me in this matter. I will add that I am relying on it: it is a certainty which I hold too dearly to give up."

It was not long before the unfortunate duchess was at the end of her resources, and obliged to work in order to procure the necessaries of life. Her education and former life induced her to wield the pen. Accordingly she took up writing, and entered into an agreement with a bookseller.

She was guided in this enterprise by a faithful friend, Honoré de Balzac.

* * * * *

H. de Balzac, whom the Duchess had met at the house of Mme. Sophie Gay, conceived a lively sympathy for her as a superior woman, of pleasant manners, high culture and an original turn of mind. The Duchess had a great influence on the author of *La Comédie Humaine*. Her recollections were of considerable help to him, and through many pages of this remarkable author's works flits the figure of his sad, unfortunate friend, shut up in her retreat at l'Abbaye-au-Bois.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

Lithograph by Julien

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It ought not to be concluded, however, that Balzac has painted the Duchess exactly as she was in any of his novels. It is not suggested that a veiled biography can be discovered, but among the heroines of *La Comédie Humaine* it is possible to point out here and there a silhouette or type in which the shadow of the Duchess and the faithful portrayal of her character are recognisable. When Balzac met Mme. d'Abrantès and became her friend, she was just a little over forty. It is therefore among the seductive middle-aged woman —so truly in the Balzac vein!—that one must look for the characteristics peculiar to the Duchess and try to re-establish her identity.

Mme. d'Aiglemont in *La femme de trente ans* seems to be the figure that comes closest to that of the Duchess of Abrantès. "Her greatest charm," says Balzac in describing the Marquise d'Aiglemont, "came from a physiognomy, whose calm betrayed an astounding depth of soul. Her bright eyes, over which the film of thought seemed constantly to pass, hinted at a feverish life and the widest resignation. . . . Whenever she cast a glance, there was something sad about it, and you might have thought that she kept the fire of her gaze for hidden contemplations. Thus every superior man felt somehow strangely attracted towards this gentle and silent woman. While the mind sought to unravel the mysteries of the perpetual reaction going on within her, between present and past, the world and her solitude, the feelings were no less interested in trying to discover the secrets of a heart that seemed to take pride in its sufferings. . . . It is only at a certain age that certain well-favoured women know

how to give a language to their attitude. Is it grief or happiness that gives to the woman of thirty, whether happy or unhappy, the secret of that eloquent countenance? It will always be a living enigma, which everyone will interpret according to his desires, appearances or system. . . . Her listless manner and tired movements revealed the woman with no interest in life, who has not known the pleasures of love but has dreamed of them, and who bends beneath the burden of her memory, a woman who has long since given up all hope of the future or herself; an unattached woman who takes an empty life for no life at all."

Perhaps the novelist spoke truly and incisively of her when he wrote in the same work: "She was dissatisfied, like an actress who has missed her rôle." Does not Balzac give us a remarkable portrait of his friend in these few words? In the same way Junot is admirably sketched in a few lines in the guise of Comte d'Aiglemont: "A colonel like a good many others, a good regimental officer, well suited to carry out any dangerous mission, but unfitted for a command of any importance, he aroused no envy, passed for one of the soldier favourites of the Emperor, and was what is generally known among the military as a *good fellow*."

The character of the Duchess of Abrantès can be completed with the aid of Balzac's description of Mme. de Beauséant in *La femme abandonnée*, a novel dedicated to the Duchess, for instance: "The imagination descried in the large bright eyes of this great lady all the courage of her house; the courage of a woman who uses her strength only to rebutt contempt or audacity, but

is full of tenderness for the gentle feelings. The contours of her small head, admirably poised on a long white neck, the features of her fine face, her slender lips and lively countenance kept an expression of exquisite prudence, a tinge of affected irony that was not unlike cunning and impertinence."

Mme. d'Aiglemont and Mme. de Beauséant both offer very distinct analogies with the Duchess of Abrantès; and no doubt something of her is to be found in the figures of Lady Dudley, in *Lys dans la vallée*, of Mlle. des Touches, in *Béatrix*—that woman of letters who resembles George Sand in other respects—and even in the figure of the Baronne Hulot in *La cousine Bette*, a work published several years after the death of the Duchess of Abrantès.

Not only did the Duchess play a part in *La Comédie Humaine* by reason of her own personage, but she also influenced the master in a more direct and important manner. The introduction to *La physiologie du mariage* mentions two ladies, one of whom had been "one of the most human and wittiest women of the court of Napoleon. Having reached a high position in society, she was surprised in it by the Restoration, which caused her downfall; she had become a recluse." The other was a pretty young woman of the world. The latter was Mme. Hamelin, the former the Duchess of Abrantès, and both were very clearly designated. In *La Physiologie*, Balzac makes himself out to be "the humble secretary of the two ladies," who is content to record their sayings. Anyhow, one should be in no hurry to contradict Balzac; it is much better to admit the probability of what he says and take for

granted a discreet feminine collaboration in the composition of the book.

Balzac must have drawn on his friend in a still more evident manner. She abounded in colourful recollections and characteristic anecdotes regarding the Empire epoch, and the great writer never grew tired of questioning her. It may be safely stated that the memory of the Duchess of Abrantès was his chief source of information regarding the Empire. She it was who moulded and directed, in some way, Balzac's natural affection for the Grande Armée. It was she who drew the picture of those grumbling heroes, of whom General Hulot seems to be the type. It was she, above all, who indicated the subjects of those two masterpieces: *Une ténébreuse affaire* and *Le colonel Chabert.*

In return, Balzac undertook to be her tutor in the literary career. He facilitated her débuts, encouraged her, and later on, induced her to prefer history to the novel. It was he who advised her to write her memoirs. The Duchess took the advice, gathered together her notes and worked a long time in the favourable retirement of L'Abbaye-au-bois. Her *Memoires* were published just after the 1830 revolution, and were an immediate success.

* * * * *

The last years of the Duchess of Abrantès were full of hardships. She put her heart into her new rôle, writing books and articles, wrangling with publishers for the necessary money, and receiving encouragement from the men of letters who visited her. She died at last, practically exhausted, in a private hospital at

THE CORONATION OF CHARLES X AT RHEIMS
MAY 29TH, 1825

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Chaillot on June 7, 1838. Her funeral was attended by all the faithful adherents of the Empire, but Louis-Philippe's Government, indulging to the very last its bitter grudge against the woman, whose *Mémoires* had helped to maintain the Napoleonic tradition, refused to grant to her remains a free plot in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. Some years later, in 1846, Victor Hugo dedicated, in *Les Rayons et les Ombres*, a Song of Expiation to the memory of the Duchess of Abrantès, and denounced the base revengefulness of Louis-Philippe towards General Junot's widow:

. . . Car j'ai ma mission, car armé d'une lyre,
Plein d'hymnes irrités, ardents à s'epancher,
Je garde le trésor des gloires de l'Empire:
Je n'ai jamais souffert qu'on osât y toucher!

* * * * *

Car, toi, la muse illustre, et moi, l'obscure apôtre,
Nous avons, dans ce monde, eu le même mandat,
Et c'est un nœud profond qui nous joint l'un à l'autre:
Toi, veuve d'un héros, et moi, fils d'un soldat!

Aussi, sans me lasser, dans cette Babylone,
Des drapeaux insultés baisant chaque lambeau,
J'ai dit pour l'Empereur: rendez-lui sa colonne!
Et je dirai pour toi: donnez-lui son tombeau![1]

"To write one's memoirs," said the Duchess of Abrantès, "is to peruse one's recollections, to set in

[1] For I have my mission; for, armed with a lyre full of restless songs yearning to gush forth, I guard the treasure of the Empire's glories. I have never suffered anyone to dare lay a hand upon them! For, thou, illustrious muse, and I, the obscure apostle, have both received the same mission in this world, and the knot is deep that binds us to each other, thee, a hero's widow, and me, a soldier's son! Thus, never tiring, in this Babylon, and kissing every shred of the insulted flags, I said for the Emperor: give him back his column! and for thee I will say: give her back her tomb!

order a host of incidents that crowd one's mind." It was in this light that she regarded her rôle as a writer of history. Her *Mémoires* are quite personal: they are not dogmatic dissertations on the people and matters of her time, but the simple story of the facts as she saw them or as they were reported to her directly by those concerned in them.

The Duchess of Abrantès composed her large volumes as the pen flowed, setting down her recollections as they occurred to her mind according to the chain of circumstances. She writes copiously, familiarly, taking care to say many things with the greatest exactitude possible. Her style seems to be that of an intimate letter that has no other aim but to relate the happenings likely to interest the correspondent, without any concern for the general shape of the narrative or for repetitions, to the great neglect of the form. The Duchess does not even appear to have troubled about producing a literary work, unless it was that, at the request of the printer, she may have gone over the manuscripts and proofs otherwise than just to see to the indispensable typographical corrections. Her *Mémoires* are lacking in regularity: very often she allows herself to be carried away by a chain of events, accepts the first anecdote that comes to mind, and goes on to the end of her story, ready to go back later on in order to take up her narrative from the point where she had interrupted it.

But once these negligences are recognised and condoned, what a lot of qualities are there, what verve, what relish in the details, what picturesque descriptions! The Duchess of Abrantès has very precious

gifts that make up for her lack of professional talent: she knows how to relate with surprising exactitude whatever she has seen or heard, illustrating her chapters with arresting imagery and tracing life-like portraits and even caricatures. No wonder Bonaparte nicknamed her "the little pest."

Mixed up with politics from her youth, she always retained a faithful regard and sense of gratitude towards the memory of Napoleon. She never forgot the Empire, which was associated in her mind with the triumphs of her youth and days of opulence. Her ardent nature did not permit her to shut herself off entirely from the world, and ignore the changing course of contemporary events. She took a keen interest in the doings of the Restoration, studying its acts and discussing them passionately. On the eve of the events of 1830, she realised that the Government of Charles X desired to re-establish in France a political régime based on order and respect for the past, laws and tradition, thinking in this manner to assure peace and happiness to the country. But the Government acted like intransigent reactionaries, paying no heed to the social needs created by the Revolution, neglecting the Charter "liberally bestowed," and wishing to restore the old régime in all its integrity and to destroy with cannon shot thirty years of history—as is shown by M. André Lebey in his *Louis-Napoleon et la Révolution de* 1848. The Duchess of Abrantès in 1830 must have realised that the revolution which overthrew Charles X was due to his attempt to despise the Charter and tamper with the Constitutional Guarantees. The July Revolution was the abrupt result of his retrograde policy.

The risings were not planned by any party, but the situation had become so tense that a crisis was inevitable.

Later on when she wrote the following pages, the Duchess sorted out her recollections and co-ordinated her impressions in order to show what acts of Charles X's Government had particularly influenced public opinion. Recalling first of all the intrigues of the Carbonari, she then goes on to describe in lively, colourful pictures the manœuvres of the Jesuits and clergy, the ferment of the Garde Nationale, the passions aroused by the grant of a milliard to the Emigrés, the law styled "of justice and love," and the proclamation of the various Ordinances. All these preparatory stages are vividly shown up in her pages. She consecrates a number of lines to the memory of Beethoven and does not fail to recall the pleasant figure of her friend, Madame Récamier.

L. L.

The Memoirs of The Duchess of Abrantès

THE situation of the Government at the time we are about to describe was truly alarming. Charles X, however, was taken up with hunting, the Dauphin with silly trifles, the Duchess of Berry with amusements; only the Duchess of Angoulême had any fear or foresight. . . .

The ministry, presided over by Count de Villèle, grew in favour day by day. M. de Villèle's finesse and cunning enabled him to make an easy prey of the King, whose good nature caused him to consider all craftiness impossible in dealings with a King. He was therefore constantly at war with those who surrounded him. Yet the nation gave him no credit for what he was doing on its behalf, because nothing was carried out and everything remained even more stagnant than in the days of Louis XVIII.

Ridicule is one of the most poisonous weapons in France; it is the most terrible means of attacking those in power; they must be well established in respect in order not to succumb.

M. de Villèle and M. de Peyronnet, Keeper of the Seals, were both attacked in a poem called *Le chant de fête de Neronnet*, which was a parody of Victor Hugo's admirable piece "*Le chant de fête de Néron.*" All

France laughed at the witty jokes directed against M. de Peyronnet, the author of the law "of justice and love," establishing the censorship of the press.

Songs and poems directed against this reactionary measure were printed and sung throughout the length and breadth of France. The situation of the country was very disquieting. The struggle between the Jesuits and the friends of freedom had begun. Open warfare was already being waged, and could not fail to lead to bloodshed in a very short time. Highminded, and with something noble even in his lightheartedness, Charles X had become morose and gloomy; and in this sadness, so little in keeping with his nature, one could not fail to trace the sinister work of other people. Henceforward, nothing was ever certain: Charles was doomed to share the unpleasantness of those who had gained ascendancy over him, and we, too, had to submit to it like him.

I will say little concerning the years 1823–4–5. I lived in Versailles, and could not follow the events with the same facility as when I lived in Paris, though I went there two or three times a week; but it is not so easy to follow the conduct of each one as when assisting at the scenes as they occur. I will simply relate, therefore, what came to my knowledge at the time. Then I will deal with events as I saw them after my return to Paris in 1827.

A friend of mine who followed the fortunes of M. de Villèle and has even remained loyal to him—a very rare thing nowadays—told me one day that M. de Villèle had a great fear of four persons: M. de Polignac, M. de Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, Cardinal

THE FUNERAL OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CHARTER

A Liberal caricature

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de Latil, Archbishop of Rheims, and Baron de Vitrolles. Cardinal de Latil gave him more cause for fear than any.

"Then why was the Bishop of Hermopolis introduced into the Cabinet?" I asked.

"Why? Ah, why does one do silly things in this world indeed?"

"But M. de Latil . . . !"

"M. de Latil has great power over the King. You are unaware that Charles X believes in ghosts, and consequently in hell and purgatory, and everything connected with it."

"But are you serious . . . ? I believe in it as well. Without any nonsense, of course, but all the same I believe in it."

"So do I, no doubt. But you don't quite understand what I mean. Charles X believes what the nurses used to tell little children. Judge of the power Cardinal de Latil has been able to get over his mind by putting before him the danger he runs, not only in the next world but in this one as well, with the Carbonari, who are really most terrifying."

Very little was said about them in public, for the simple reason that they were greatly feared. The secret societies contained men whose republican fanaticism was even more exasperated than the fanaticism of the clericals. Liberty was their god. For his sake the hardest sacrifices were to be endured in order that his worship might be pure and undefiled. It is with such maxims that great and beautiful things are accomplished for the glory of God and heaven. Cousin, Augustin Thierry, Jeouffroy-Scheffer, Roulin, Guinard, Gavaignac,

these names were already so many banners mustering parties, whose only demand was to break out and fight one another. There was a terrible movement that rumbled beneath our feet like an Alpine torrent covered with a crust of ice.

It may be interesting to give the text of the oath taken by the Carbonari of the first degree. If this oath is forceful, what must that of the second degree have been like!

"I swear before Christ and the holy Gospels, the symbol of Truth, *on the rope and iron whereby traitors perish*, to keep inviolably the secrets that will be confided to me in this worthy and awesome assembly.

"I promise to love and succour *my cousins*, in whatever country, in any circumstances whatsoever, and according to my moral and physical powers.

"I will not write, print, engrave or pencil anything connected with the Society of which I am a member, except in the manner which my masters will teach me.

"I also promise to reveal at once to this worthy assembly whatever may come to my knowledge, directly or indirectly, and that may be harmful to it.

"I will have, in this respect, no regard for father, mother, brother, sister, wife, friend, superior or inferior, or for any person whomsoever.

"I will not divulge the name of the owner of the house, or the names of the persons forming the members present at my reception.

"I consent, if I break my oath, to have my tongue, lips and mammels burnt with a red-hot iron, and my throat cut.

"To be hanged in the midst of an assembly of Carbonari, that my body may be pierced by their daggers whetted by justice and vengeance.

"And after my belly has been ripped up, to have my heart and bowels torn out.

"My mutilated body to be burnt and the ashes scattered on the wind;

"And may my memory be execrated by my fellow men in horror of my dreadful punishment!

Amen."

Though this formula seems exaggerated to us, it was taken in good faith by those who pronounced it at the time. The Carbonari of those days did not enter that formidable association in order to satisfy a personal grudge or passion. No! the patriotic sentiments had recovered the positive vigour which had given its last flash in 1820. But the position of the Government was precarious, as long as its course was so definitely opposed to the liberal course demanded by the majority of the country and made necessary by the very force of things.

All this gave much anxiety to M. de Villèle. The outlook seemed to him very gloomy. Moreover, his power was in jeopardy from another quarter. The covetousness of the people of the Court was insatiable. They asked for favours; he granted them; they immediately asked for more. A good deal has been said about what the Emperor did for all us people of the Empire; but the blood of our husbands and fathers which flowed for ten whole years in the cause of their country, and the watchful days and nights of

those who did not fight, were ever there to give a fitting answer to the sneering smiles of those who thought it strange that a pension should have been awarded to the widow of a man who died riddled with wounds.

"Ah!" said M. de Villèle. "Cardinal de Richelieu ought never to have brought this poisonous crowd inside the dwelling-place of kings! His genius was able to counterbalance their timid influence, which was then only testing itself. But the same genius ought to have foreseen that these people would get acclimatised and turn into very troublesome natives, perhaps even become the cause of more than one death."

And he recalled the remarks of M. Necker, who struggled ten years against this covetous crowd only to be overthrown at last because he held out against their demands.

I must mention one of the first faults committed by Charles X. It was on the occasion of the opening of the Parliament of 1825.

Louis XVIII had been prevented by his infirmities from going to the Palais Bourbon. What this King did out of necessity, Charles X did out of tactlessness and sheer policy. Go to the House of Commons! Why, that would signify that he accepted it as a power. To do so would be an error, according to his view: so he did not go! He took good care of that; the Houses of Parliament were therefore opened as in the past, in the Tuileries! Had I been in his confidence at the time, and able to warn him of the harm he was doing to his own cause, I should have told him, with all the frankness of my character, of the upheaval that

CHARLES X ENTERING PARIS
SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1824

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was to be feared every day. His speech was beautiful and touching. He read it with ease, almost from memory, without having to glance at the manuscript which is usually inside the hat.

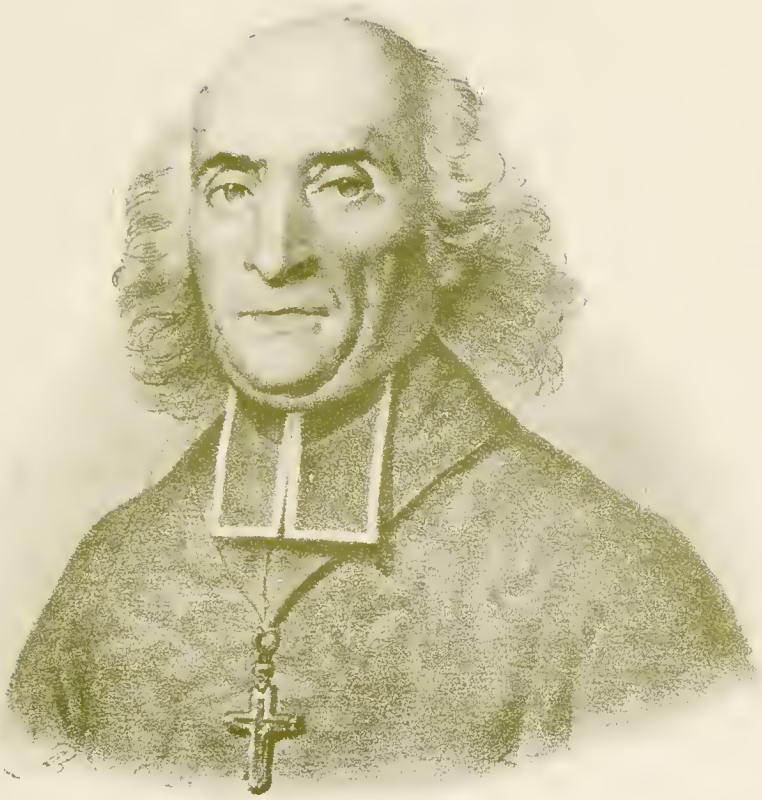
The session of 1825 confirmed the prevailing conviction that the Jesuits were to be allowed to return for good. This was also revealed in the stormy discussions of the question of the feminine religious orders. There was ample proof of an attempt to re-establish the Men of Darkness. It soon came to light. The Bishop of Hermopolis brought to the discussion all the great power of oratory for which he was noted. In one of the earlier sessions, the law on the religious orders of women had been rejected by the Upper House; but this time, thanks to the Bishop of Hermopolis, it was passed, amid the great applause of all the young and old women of the Faubourg St. Germain. It was a stroke of victory for the party, who took courage from it for further action.

M. de Frayssinous, the Bishop of Hermopolis, used all that is most unctuous and insinuating in the art of speech, captious in argument and flattering in phrase. It was a game of sheer feminine coquetry, and the study of this manœuvre was truly astonishing when one was not a victim of fascination.

Soon after this there was a curious intrigue at the Court to give an occupation to the King. It may not have been a very orthodox occupation, but the clergy was mixed up with it, Monseigneur de Latil playing a very active part. M. de Frayssinous, however, did not share in the plot, as I have reason to know. The details of this intrigue, which was more in keeping

with the Oeil-de-Bœuf period than with 1825, did not materialise.

It was an odd thing, indeed, to see the Empire succeeded by all these manœuvres of the Catholic clergy to gain authority over and against everybody. It was a *real force* with a determined will to put France back to the conditions of 1780. What saved us was the quantity of different opinions in the discussion itself. M. de Bonald, La Mennais, Desmanures, de Latil, Fayet, l'Abbé de Coucy—who fortunately died the same year, but who wished to excommunicate, judge and condemn all who had taken part in the Concordat—and several other fanatics vied with one another in unreasonableness. You should have heard them discussing the law against blasphemy. . . . ! What a wallowing in cruelty they demanded for the punishment of the unhappy offenders! As though God were not the supreme Judge of His own affair! Mutilation in France in 1825 . . . ! We were going backwards indeed! I really believe the Revolution was an event to be deplored, if all its benefits were to be neutralised in this way. When one recalls that a gifted man, a man with depth of feeling, could get up and remind his audience that St. Louis made similar laws, and that in his days blasphemers had their tongue pierced with a red-hot iron . . . ! They wanted us to go back to 1200 for our examples of justice . . . ! I confess that this law against blasphemy seemed to me one of the stupidest errors that the Restoration could make, and at the same time, one that was most open to attack by the parties of the Left. The attack was carried out with indescribable vigour. All the royalists, however,



M. DE FRAYSSINOUS

BISHOP OF HERMOPOLIS, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY,
PEER OF FRANCE

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were not of the same mind as the faction at the pavilion Marsan, and a good many realised the danger. Everything was leading up to 1830 . . . !

Nevertheless, the blasphemy law was passed! It was the forerunner of another mistake, which contributed even more to the upheaval of 1830. I refer to the indemnity of a milliard granted to the Emigrés.

M. de Villèle hardly knew how to avert the danger with which he was threatened by the whole of the clergy, who wanted a man more subservient to its will than was M. de Villèle. M. de Talleyrand, who wept for power with tears of blood, though secret ones, and who concealed his longing to bring everything down in order to set himself up on the ruins, thinking that a new house can be made with old stones, did everything possible to foster M. de Villèle's alarms, and pointed out to him what he had to fear. M. de Villèle was quite aware of it without his help. He was particularly afraid of the Coronation ceremony at Rheims. All that get-up was displeasing to him. Nevertheless the Coronation took place. Notwithstanding the uneasy state of the country, the ceremony was performed with such great pomp and show that there was an outcry, not only from the Liberals, but also from a great part of the French people, who considered that the prejudices respecting the more or less of royal Legitimacy were not entirely made up of a ceremony costing millions of money to the State when it was in a bad financial way. General Curial, who accompanied the King in a carriage of the suite, had his shoulder put out at the gates of Rheims. Frightened by the noise of the cannon fired at the King's entry, the horses

bolted and upset the carriage of the suite. General Curial was thrown to the ground. For a man who had so utterly forgotten the Empire, it was a great disaster to be deprived of the honours of Groom of the Bedchamber to the King on the day of his Coronation . . . !

On this occasion there was an incident which was of no small interest to the poets and men of letters who were called upon to celebrate the Coronation. A poet who has since become well known and who, at the luminous hour when the Holy Oil-flask came back to us, was already famous for his beautiful verses, was commanded to write an Ode on the Coronation. The Ode was written; but when it came to be paid for, it was tariffed a little too low, and the Poet Laureate was given 300 francs for his song about the crowning of Charles X. In fact, it was hardly paid for. The poet took umbrage, and set about writing a very witty poem in honour of M. de Villèle. Later on, *Nemesis* was destined to win fame for the unrequited talent of Barthélemy, which I am glad to think, did not depend on the amount of his reward. As for the Liberal poets, as they were called, they were altogether excluded from the rewards that were scattered left and right at the Coronation. These exceptions were really ridiculous. Casimir Delavigne was not a member of the Academy at that time; yet he had written *Les Messéniennes* a fine, patriotic work, that expressed so poetically France's sorrow. To exclude him from the favours was really beyond the limit. A compromise was effected, Casimir Delavigne being given a pension on the King's exchequer. I think it was something like 1,000 or 1,200 francs . . .

Casimir Delavigne sent it back. I thought his conduct noble and praiseworthy, especially as he was very anxious to receive the cross of the Légion d'honneur, which was, indeed, most suitable for the author of *Les Messéniennes*. The omission was as tactless as it was unjust, but the world of letters avenged Casimir Delavigne. He was elected to the Academy in spite of a strong cabal, that was as virulent as a cabal can be when it tries. M. de Peyronnet deprived him of the post of Director of the Chancery Library, which had been given to him as most suitable for a man of letters, for as Librarian he had more facilities with regard to books than he would have had in a private library. The deprivation was only a pin prick, but it was felt! M. Lebrun was more fortunate, although he professed the romantic style, as he said, in *Le Cid d'Andalousie*. This play was performed at the Comédie Française and acted by Talma and Mlle. Mars. Although I was living at Versailles, I determined to go to Paris at the earnest request of M. Suchet, one of my best friends, who had sponsored Lebrun in society. M. Suchet, brother of Marshal the Duke of Albuféra, held an administrative post at Rouen and had been a good friend to M. Lebrun, who was a member of his staff. He brought him to see me at the house in the Champs-Elysées where I was staying, so that I might hear his odes on the glory of the Emperor. They were so sonorous and resounding that his trumpet was really a little too blaring. I received him as I received all artists, and his modesty greatly increased my esteem for him. He composed *Marie Stuart*, which had a well-deserved success. But I remember a certain piece,

called *Pénélope ou le Retour d'Ulysse*, which he read aloud at my house and which had the unusual effect of setting several persons snoring loud enough to rattle the windows. It is the recollection of this which lessens my regard for M. Lebrun to-day more than his change of manner did when I met him a few years later at the *salons* of one of my friends, where he did not seem to recognise me. It amused me very much, and I wondered whether his change of attitude was due to our mutual change of positions. It must have been one or the other: I had lost mine under the Empire and M. Lebrun had lost his Napoleonism. Whichever it may have been, it was none the less very uncouth of him: impoliteness is never any good.

I will now say a few words about the play *Le Cid d'Andalousie*. A good deal was said against it because it introduced romantic speech at the Comédie Française for the first time. M. Lebrun was accused of having given a new dress to Corneille's *Cid*. This is untrue; but if he had done so in order to portray the manners of the time, there would have been no harm in it. There are certainly many beautiful things in his work; but it is still more certain that M. Lebrun would have done better if he had sacrificed less to opinion and the times. The leading parts were taken by Talma and Mlle. Mars. This did not prevent the downfall of *Le Cid d'Andalousie*. The downfall was utter, though without noise. There were one or two hisses. There was plenty of applause even. But it was obviously the applause of a cabal. I remember seeing this group in the balcony, where they made a frantic noise. But the general public was yawning, and failure was obvious.

A BIG MAN
Caricature of Charles X

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The conversion of M. Lebrun dates, I believe, from that time.

A few days later M. Soumet presented his tragedy *Jeanne d'Arc* at the Odéon, and obtained a thorough success. It is a fine piece of verse, elegant, in perfect taste, and full of charm, but it is no tragedy.

That year saw nothing but fallen tragedies, excepting that of *Jeanne d'Arc*. The finest failure, and at the same time the most comical, was that of a *Mort de César*, which its author was said to have written as a denunciation of regicide. I believe the author's name was M. Royon. He was so annoyed at the shouting and hissing that he rushed on to the stage before the end of the play, darted into the prompter's box, seized the manuscript from his hands, and fled from the scene in the midst of a raging uproar. An attempt was made to treat the affair as an insurrection. It was alleged that only the Liberals had hissed. How absurd . . . ! It reminds one of Boileau's verses:

> [1] Qui n'aime pas Cottin, n'estime pas son roi,
> Et n'a, selon Cottin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.

Oh! how absurd the party spirit is! As for M. Royou's affair, it was not without its consequences. A great many people were arrested in the theatre, the men in power failing to realise that bad verses had to be hissed, even though they spoke of the glory of God.

But about this time occurred a real disaster, which saddened not only the world of letters, but all decent-minded people. I refer to the murder of Paul-Louis

[1] Whosoever loves not Cottin, esteems not his king,
And has, according to Cottin, neither God, nor faith, nor law.

Courier. This man was one of those lights that suddenly spring up in the darkness and trace a long luminous line that marks the track for others. Formerly a gunner in the Horse Artillery, and at the time of his death a vine-grower at Veretz in Touraine, Paul-Louis Courier was one of the most extraordinary men of our time. Writing with the naïveté of Montaigne and Brantôme, he had also their vigour in attacking vice and scourging it. . . . He knew, above all, how to ridicule with a fine wit that Voltaire would not have disowned. His sarcasm branded his victim with a stigma that nothing could efface. During his short career he was the terror of ministers and officials who came under his lash. There were some whom he never let go. He was like a bull-dog that never releases the ear it has once caught hold of. I don't think there was any man in the Revolution so much to be feared as Courier. Take his various speeches: the one for Chambord, the one in which he attacks General Foy, Liberal though he was! The vigorous power of thought of his deeply critical mind scathed his enemies as with darts of fire. His word was like a flash of lightning showing up what was depraved or ridiculous, and like a clap of thunder crushing the guilty one. I have never read any of Paul-Louis Courier's speeches without being stirred by a lively emotion.

His death was a very sinister drama. He had taken in marriage Mlle. Clavier, the daughter of the celebrated Hellenist, believing her to be good and faithful. He took her to his retreat at Veretz, near Tours, where he hoped to be happy in a quiet life relieved by devotion to his wife. They lived alone, having no

P. L. COURIER

MURDERED IN THE FOREST OF LARÇAY, NEAR VERETZ, AUGUST 18TH, 1825.

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society but that of the labourers and people of the farm.

Among the carters on the farm was one that seemed to have more understanding than the rest. For some time this man enjoyed his master's confidence. After a few months, however, Courier perceived that his trust had been doubly betrayed . . . ! He immediately dismissed the carter.

This man, and all his accomplices ought to have gone down on their knees to Courier for his not having inflicted a sterner punishment on them. . . . But Courier showed great restraint, and did no more than send the man away. A few days after the man's dismissal Courier went to inspect a rather wild part of his forest. He was unaccompanied. . . . He failed to return at the usual hour. A search was instituted, and he was discovered lying on the grass face-downwards, having been shot from behind. The bullet extracted from his body was found to have been made of lead taken from a building. . . . A search revealed the fact that a quantity of lead was missing from the panes of a small window in the house of the dismissed carter. . . . At first the matter was hushed up, but soon the outcry became insistent though in vain. . . . Oh, the unspeakable shame! Because Paul-Louis Courier was in some way the enemy of the Government, his murder was to remain unavenged . . . ! At last, however, the indignation of decent-minded people raised an outcry which reached the ears of the Minister of Justice. The culprits, denounced by the whole province, appeared before the tribunal of Tours in 1825. . . . They were obliged to relate what

must have been very odious to them by way of recollection and remorse. I confess that their position made me feel very sorry for them at the time. . . .

They were practically acquitted . . . but a mere accusation of that sort is a word of fire that devours . . . ! In a word, the memory of Paul-Louis Courier is still that of a man basely assassinated and unavenged. . . .

* * * * *

The Government was continuing its course with an appearance of standing still that gave much thought to all observers. There was talk of an alliance with Russia, which was anxious to secure the support of France in a war against Turkey without the intervention of England. M. de Talleyrand, who thought that it was better to be ill-spoken of than not to be spoken of at all, wished to know what M. de Villèle thought of the matter, and sent someone I know to get the Prime Minister's views; but however cunning the former head Vicar of Rheims may have been, he was rather less so than the Mayor of Toulouse, whose cunning, however, was not quite so odious as that of the priest. . . . The latter's cunning was an unworthy falseness, whereas that of the former was merely a clever dissimulation.

The Cabinet was attacked not only in popular songs but it was also assailed by a new journal, *Le Masque de Fer* (The Iron Mask), which was full of diatribes as terrible as they were true. Its great fault was in its expressions, which were really more like those of the fishmarket than a well-regulated society. This newspaper was anonymous, a fact which added to its

infamy. I believe nothing more contemptible than such a manner of attack. *Le Masque de Fer* was badly edited, and its composition silly. Nothing is more damning in France than the phrase: "*C'est sans esprit!*" (It has no wit). Hence *Le Masque de Fer* passed away after a few months' existence.

Louis XVIII's charter conferring on Frenchmen the representative power of the two Houses of Parliament was given in vain: the bad system of election of the deputies, and the worse system of the peers, destroyed all its advantages. Once upon a time the peerage had wielded a great power against the King, but those were not the days when the King at the luncheon table created sixty or seventy peers or even more in order to give the Cabinet the majority it needed. Once upon a time, even at a remote period of the monarchy, the peers gave judgment against the King; for instance, under Philippe Auguste, when Pope Innocent III was protecting John Lackland against the King of France who desired, according to his right, to take possession of the Kingdom of England and give it to his son. The Pope's legates came to France to assert John's claim. In order the better to gain their ends, Philippe and his son pretended to disagree and, in the presence of the legates, the King of France forbade his son to go to England.

"Sire," said the prince at a solemn assembly of the powers of the nation, "I am your liege man for the fiefs you have granted me in France, but it does not belong to you to decide the matter of the kingdom of England. If you do so, I will take my case before my peers. . . ."

This proves that the peerage used to decide all the great matters, even against the King, as the words of Louis VIII show.

Nevertheless, it was this same prince who, having resisted the Pope in order to secure a kingdom, submitted later on to the Roman censures, when on the death of John, the English gave the throne to his son Henry . . . ! Louis agreed to pay the tenth part of his revenues . . . and even consented to the humiliating penances imposed on his officers, for instance, that his chaplains should go on pilgrimage to Rome, and on their return to Paris, present themselves, bare-foot, at the doors of Notre Dame, where the canons were to scourge them. This extraordinary scene took place in the reign of a clever and courageous king. It is possible that Philippe Auguste recognised even in those days how vain it was to struggle against the power of the Vatican?

Though it was not a question of the blind will of a prince under Charles X, nevertheless he was taking us back to the barbarous ages; 1825 and 1826 give us one of the positive causes of the troubles of 1830. I must explain my attitude in this matter, as the critics are often so ill-intentioned and read so little before making their attack that they may accuse me of irreligion. God knows, I am not guilty of that! I am merely opposed to the superstition and fanaticism to which an attempt was being made to bring us back. Moreover, I am not the only one who was keenly aware of the danger at the time.

1825 and 1826 saw the opening of the long struggle that was to end in the downfall of the throne. The

WOMEN OF FASHION

Lithograph by Gavarni

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parties in this struggle were those who upheld the Charter of Liberties on the one side, and the priest-party on the other. The latter were dangerous men, because, as Napoleon used to say, they had forgotten nothing and learnt nothing. No doubt they were devoted men, but so fanatical and determined to follow none but the ancient paths that it was impossible to come to any terms with them. They forbade any concession whatsoever; and owing to the misfortunes of the Bourbons, the chief offices of the Crown were in the hands of these restless fanatics, who unfortunately were in good faith.

The Jesuits were the hidden leaders of this party. They had worked in secret, and from the time of the Coronation, when the Archbishop of Rheims had anointed Charles X and thereby acquired yet greater ascendancy over his penitent, the power of the Society of Jesus had doubled itself. It was already too strong!

Once the authority of a prince is contested, his morals are sure to be attacked, whatever they be. The young and elegant Comte d'Artois had been blamed as a libertine and man of pleasure, because his conduct gave offence and the authority of his family was being diminished; now the opposition in France blamed him for conduct of quite a different kind. . . . Had his courage been more balanced, the mob might have been more indulgent towards him. But in 1826, as in 1790, Charles X displayed stubbornness rather than firmness of character, and on that account everything went wrong. M. de Latil, the Archbishop of Rheims, a restless, ardent, enterprising man, who knew how to mingle artifice with his enthusiasm, was not the man

to bring matters to a happy conclusion. I remember seeing a caricature of 1826 showing Archbishop de Latil in the dress of a fisherman. In his right hand he held several fishing lines to which were attached, in place of hooks, crosses, orders and pension-warrants, while in his left hand, hidden behind his back, he held a dagger and a torch; near by were the nets and fishes of St. Peter. It is not a good caricature, but I mention it in order to give an idea of the feelings aroused by the priest-party. The opposition realised that the Vatican, after preliminary excommunications of the Emperor, was about to carry out its work with the aid of the King of France. . . .

The Jesuits triumphed everywhere. Their power spread like a net over the whole of France. The universities, colleges, boarding-schools, administrations, studies and all establishments were in the hands of the Jesuit sect. It was really terrifying. One had a feeling of being transported to the days when people had only a vague, obscure idea of most mysteries. One seemed to be back again in the age when they received dogmas like money, without questioning the title or the weight.

Suddenly, in the midst of the most brilliant triumph of the hidden powers, a man began to cry out against the blasphemy, calling the attention of his fellow-countrymen to the fascination which was crushing France. Yet this man was a Royalist . . . ! Perhaps it was because of this that he declared war on deception . . . !

The man who threw the gauntlet into the ring was M. de Montlosier. He was blamed by some and

applauded by others. There is sure to be a good deal of prejudice in such a virulent affair as a war of religion. But posterity will look upon him as a true friend of the Throne.

M. de Montlosier suddenly sent up a terrible war-cry. He was a strange man, as chevaleresque as Esplandian, as royalist as the King and as nice a man as any. He may have been rather too bitter in discussion, a little too violent even, but he always spoke according to his conscience, and would have given his life for his cause. A man of this nature was sure to strike a hard blow at the party he attacked. And so it happened, and will always happen when a man has a name and character commanding respect.

M. de Montlosier did not confine his attack to mere words. He published a Memoir to the King, in which he pointed to the *Priest-Party* expressly. More than 8,000 copies were printed, and were sold out within two days. The priest-party, which had a number of gifted men, issued a reply, which was ill-conceived and tactless. Furious at being attacked, the Jesuits answered with insults, even of the coarsest kind; they said that M. de Montlosier was nothing but an old fool. *La Gazette de France* and *La Quotidienne* spoke of him as a madman. They merely harmed themselves, for they were saying evil of a well-known man, who had only to reply: "These are the men who are ruining France. Judge between us!"

Most people were on the side of the man who stood up to his adversaries, whereas the latter merely raved about a fool that did not exist. The lawsuit, or rather the battle (the holy fathers being too much afraid of

the lawcourts) continued in a very stupid manner. Not daring to bring the author of the Memoir before his proper judges, the Jesuits brought him before the tribunal of religious hatred, which for them was as good as any court. They noted that M. de Montlosier had a pension of 6,000 francs from the Foreign Office. They got it taken away from him. It was M. de Damas, the minister of that department, who accomplished this masterpiece. This mean, revengeful deed was greatly disapproved by many sincere Royalists, who spoke to me about it at the time. I must do justice to M. de Villèle: he was against it, but his power was already on the wane, and his resignation on the way.

The withdrawal of his pension left M. de Montlosier without means of existence. He suffered misfortune with noble courage. But his outcry had a wonderful effect on the rest of France. It revealed a condition of things worthy of the finest days of Pope Gregory VII or Sixtus V. Women spent their days at church. Men not only went to Mass on Sunday, but every day of the week if they belonged to the Court. Hypocrites were rife and procured confession-tickets. Communions, many of them sheer blasphemy, were made every day by thousands. It was nothing but a mascarade . . . ! People who had business made appointments in the churches. Our generals walked in the processions; the women flocked to hear sermons, admiring the preacher and even falling in love with him, so greatly did the fashion of religion grow . . . ! Oh, what a deplorable time . . . ! What a profanation of all that God made holy and sacred . . . ! I sometimes

THE ROYALISTS WILL SPRING TO HORSE!
OH YES! TO BOLT FROM THE FIELD.
Caricature from La Ménagerie Royale

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wept tears of blood at the foot of the same altar that a hypocrite had just defiled with his or her impure prayer . . . and I begged God to perform one of those miracles that revealed his power in the early days of the Church. But the blindness became so profound that the most natural bonds were broken, and I have seen a mother wish never to see her son again because he refused to go to Mass.

About this time we had a diversion in the Napoleonic party. Count de Ségur fought a duel with General Gourgaud. It was a very odd affair, as Count de Ségur had not, strictly speaking, spoken ill of the Emperor in his fine work on the Russian campaign. This pamphlet—it is hardly more than that—caused a great stir as soon as it appeared. It was written with a talent that had never been suspected in Count de Ségur and has not been justified since, a very extraordinary thing, although he has a good deal of wit. Anyhow, the work sold like hot cakes. It was seen everywhere, especially in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. At Versailles, which is a caricature of Paris, the Saint Louis quarter, that does its best to ape the Faubourg Saint-Germain, devoured Count de Ségur's work with such avidity that the two reading rooms were crowded out, for it was only in the Notre Dame quarter that the book was bought. The interest of the public held out in Paris long enough to give General Gourgaud time to read the book as well. At first he was struck by the turn of the ideas and expressions. Before the end of the book, he came to the conclusion that it was written by somebody who not only disliked the Emperor, but also accused him in the cruellest manner. I felt just

the same as General Gourgaud. I cannot say: "*Here's a phrase straight out against Napoleon!*" but after reading the whole work I say with General Gourgaud: "*Here's a book written by a person who never liked the Emperor.*"

Gourgaud took exception to this feeling, which showed through all the lines on the retreat from Russia. He declared many points to be inexact. A meeting was arranged for July 11 in the Bois de Boulogne. The Count's seconds were General Dejean and Count de Lobau. The General's seconds were General Pajol, a brave and loyal soldier of the Empire, whose military talents were the admiration of all parties, and whose excellent nature and noble mind are appreciated by his friends, among whom I am proud to count myself. The other second of General Gourgaud was Colonel Deschamps, who took part in the strange affair at the Café Tortoni in 1814. The duel was with swords. The seconds tried to settle the affair, but the opponents had said too many spiky things against each other for the matter to be settled so easily. Accordingly they fought. Both were wounded. The first was Gourgaud, who received a body wound, while Count de Ségur was wounded in the arm. As soon as blood was drawn, the seconds interfered, and as all four were competent judges in a matter of honour, they decided that the difference between these two gentlemen was to be considered at an end. This duel made a great stir, and nothing was more remarkable than the visitors' list at the houses of the wounded men. Count de Ségur's list revealed all the well-known names of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, while General Gourgaud's

list bore none but the names of the Empire. It may be objected, I am aware, that M. de Ségur was connected with almost all the Faubourg families, whereas Gourgaud had no connection with them at all. Quite true. I only know this, that if General Ségur had been even more dangerously wounded under the Empire, none of his connections would have gone and inscribed their names at his door.

But he had made a profession of faith that rehabilitated him with his peers, and that alone gave him back a position which he seems to have won back rather than found again.

I have already related in my *Mémoires sur l'Empire*, how much was done by the Emperor for the benefit of Count de Ségur's family. His goodness was more than perfect. The Duke de Bassano, who had a proper esteem for the noble character of the Count de Ségur *père*, was still more moved by his unfortunate position when he found that the Count put up with it in order to maintain his aged father, Maréchal de Ségur. "I'm cold and hungry," wrote the old warrior to his son, "and I've got nothing to cover me . . . !"

The son worked in order to maintain his father, and sent him his only blanket. He thought it so natural a thing to do, that one day, when Maret reminded him of it, he refused to admit that the matter was even worthy of approbation.

When the Emperor heard of the unfortunate plight of M. de Ségur he ordered the pension for marshals to be given to the aged marshal, and that everything possible should be done for his son. Shortly afterwards, he was made a member of the Council of State.

Such was the origin of his great fortune under the Empire. And no doubt he deserved it for many reasons.

* * * * *

Thus we reached the year 1827. The Cabinet was violently attacked and hated. The name of the Ministry was hardly ever pronounced without a peculiar inflexion of the voice. The King, however, seemed to be exempted from the odium incurred by the ministry. So, at least, it appeared to me one day when I went to make some purchases in the Rue aux Fers and the streets around the market of La Halle. I already knew that my name and that of Junot had retained a great influence among the people of Paris. I found it had not abated; and I was greatly struck to discover that it was part and parcel of the influence which the name of Napoleon exercises over the heart of even the lowest workman. Those I visited were the busiest class in Paris, ribbon-makers and weavers, makers of silk tassles and furniture braid. These things are always sure of a sale. Nevertheless, the Restoration brought with it a spirit of narrow reforms that affected a great many things, especially the furnishing trade. In 1827 nobody ever talked of ordering for any of the Court drawing-rooms a piece of furniture in blue or red velvet with gilt woodwork and fine gold fringes, the whole costing 50 or 60,000 francs. Nor were the houses of private persons run on the old grand lines, and the absence of great dinners and other social arrangements lowered the circulation of industry and money. It was in this way that our names were well known among the purveyors and tradespeople of the big markets. I found

a good number of the purveyors who used to come particularly on January 1 and August 10. I was greatly moved to find they had kept a kind memory of the Empire. Their solicitude for the King of Rome was so affectionate and warm that some of them brought tears to my eyes when they talked about the matter. . . . "How is he? How is he treated out there . . . since they wanted to take him away . . . ?" Their questions were showered upon me. In those days a great part of the people refused to believe that Napoleon was dead. My baker at Versailles was a man called Richefeu, living opposite the church in the Rue du Grand-Montreuil. He firmly believed that the Emperor was still alive. I do not know why, but he persisted in his faith. It was like a phantastic vision, but it pleased his heart, and for that reason he caressed it. And really, what I saw in the workmen's guilds in those days showed that there was still plenty of material to tempt the political parties . . . ! The Cabinet was also aware of this, but not better than I was. There had sprung up a good many circles formed by the large number of people who had been rejected by higher circles, and who, therefore, became not only busy, but earnestly so. The political societies were active, and their activity would have given grave cause for anxiety not only to a wise Govermnent but also to one that was merely taking care of itself, as a father takes care of his house.

But the danger lay in the Ministers identifying themselves too personally with the issue. When the people shouted: "Down with the Ministers!" they had thrown down the gauntlet. When the King went to

bed without punishing the offenders he had taken up the glove, and the contest had begun. It was a matter of who should have the best lance and make the best onslaught.

The National Guard, therefore, was the enemy of the Ministry . . .! This was a disastrous state of affairs. The National Guard was the town of Paris . . .! the National Guard was the real strength, the blood, the life . . .! Neither the Ministry nor the King could see this, and they spited themselves with a grace and resignation, which were courageous or ignorant according to one's view. It was April 29, 1827.

It was a terrible moment for a *coup d'état*, whatever it might be. The Cabinet, attacked by the Liberals and the Bonapartists for its ridiculous protection of the clergy, especially the Jesuits, had no popularity at all. On the other hand it had plenty of what brings disaster to a state: obstinacy on its own part and hatred on the other . . .! The same thing happened here as in 1815. The King wished to review the troops on the Champs de Mars, although a riot was expected. The King appeared, surrounded by a numerous staff and a company of *gendarmerie d'élite ! ! !* The King was greeted with great shouts of "*Vive le Roi !*" But when he passed along the ranks, a murmur arose: "*Down with the Ministers ! Long live the Charter . . . ! Down with the Jesuits . . . !*" I was on one of the hillocks of the champs-de-Mars and I heard the latter cry constantly repeated with that of: "*Down with the Ministers !* Some voices even dared to cry out: "*Down with Villèle !*, but it was so rare that

it could not be said to express the anger of the whole people.

But it is quite true that when the National Guards returned to the town and passed under the windows of the Keeper of the Seals, they shouted: "*Down with Peyronnet . . . !*" They behaved in a similar way towards M. de Villèle, but only in front of those two houses . . . a very remarkable thing. This action showed that the Guards were not swayed by sudden impulse, but were obeying a firm conviction expressed in hatred. . . . Then there was the other cry: "*Down with the Jesuits ! down with the Ministers . . . !*"

Next day, April 20, there appeared in *Le Moniteur* an ordinance dissolving the National Guard. It is not hard to imagine the effect it produced . . . ! And a couple of years later the Bourbons realised how disastrous were the effects of this decree . . . !

Here is an incident which I relate as it was reported to me:

On April 30, 1827, the Duke de Rivière, tutor to the Duke of Bordeaux, was already in a dangerous state of health, for he died, I believe, shortly afterwards. About 8 o'clock in the evening, he was informed that the Duke of Bordeaux refused to say his prayers in the usual way. . . .

The Duke de Rivière asked in what way his young pupil was neglecting his religious duty. . . . After some hesitation he was told that the prince refused to pray for the king. . . . The Duke started up in his bed. . . . After a few moments' thought he requested that the child should be brought to him. The child came, looking very serious but not at all embarrassed.

"Surely, Monseigneur," said the Duke de Rivière, "you are not willing to commit an enormous sin without cause . . . without a motive that justifies you in your own eyes . . .! Not to pray for the King, your grandparent! Your master . . .! Your lord . . .!"

And the more M. de Rivière spoke, the more excited he became with the fire of his fever and the heat of his indignation, for he was really much put out. . . . As for the child, he stood by the bedside of his tutor, with one hand in his and the other resting on the bed. . . . He seemed unmoved. Only at the last words he seemed to assume a hostile attitude. . . . The words: your lord . . . your master . . .! M. de Rivière did not fail to notice this impression, and was so much perturbed by all that he foresaw that he scarcely had the strength to send the young Prince back to his apartments. When he did so, it was only to remain alone with a thousand disquieting thoughts. What did the Prince mean by the words: "I will not pray for my grandfather . . . ?" M. de Rivière had the Duke of Bordeaux brought back to his bedside, and questioned him as to his reasons for refusing to pray for his grandfather, the King. . . . The child was fond of his tutor and rightly so, for, though I may have no affection for M. de Rivière, I am honest enough to grant that he was one of the warmest partisans of the Royal cause and one of its most devoted servants. He must, therefore, have been very much upset by what was happening. . . . He took the young Prince's hands in his own, pressed them, kissed them even, and with tears in his eyes begged him to tell him what was preventing him from praying. . . .

". . . IN THE YEAR OF GRACE 1840, THE SIXTEENTH OF THE GLORIOUS REIGN OF CHARLES X, TO-DAY AFTER MASS, HIS MAJESTY WENT SHOOTING IN HIS APARTMENTS. THE MORAL STATE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY REMAINS ALWAYS THE SAME.

Caricature from La Ménagerie Royale

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At last the Prince, lowering his eyes and reddening like a cherry, said very softly:

"He has sent my friends away!"

"Ah! mon Dieu!" exclaimed M. de Rivière. "That's where the draught comes from . . . ! Is it possible . . . !"

And summoning all who came into contact with the Prince, he immediately began a vigorous investigation. It led, however, to nothing. . . . At that time I was in the habit of seeing every day the aunt of Comtesse du Cayla, the Marquise de Sainte-Croix, who could not understand how so strange a remark should come from the lips of the Duke of Bordeaux. . . . He constantly repeated it, and wept a long while when he was told that the National Guard would *never* be re-established in France. This was said to him rather sternly, as though to punish him for resisting the power of his grandparent. . . . He sobbed a good deal when he was in bed. He was even told, very tactlessly: "Oh! Monseigneur! how can you possibly take any interest in men who are the lowest in society and who are for the most part cobblers and boot-makers . . . !"

Later on we shall find the same idea, only expressed in another way, in the *Memoir to the King* in 1830.

The following morning the Duke of Bordeaux made the same resistance and refused to pray for the King. He would not even go upstairs to visit him. M. de Rivière wanted to punish him.

The King, however, being ill-informed of what had occurred, asked for the Duke of Bordeaux. He had to be taken to the royal presence.

"Well, monsieur, what is this they tell me? You've not been wise? You've not said your prayers properly? Henri, this is not right . . . ! You cause me much grief."

The young Prince immediately looked up with his gentle blue eyes into his grandfather's face and tears rolled down his cheeks. . . . The King, who adored him, clasped him in his arms, and, lifting him up, embraced him affectionately.

"Well, well, it's all over. You will be wise, won't you? And you'll say your prayers in the proper way?"

The Prince made no reply.

"Ah!" said the King, "you're obstinate!"

And putting him down, he motioned to him to go and stand behind his armchair. The dear child went there obediently, but did not stop weeping. It is noticeable in this scene that he did not weep till his grandfather said to him: "*You cause me much grief.*"

After a while, the King, who was under the impression that it was not a serious matter, called the Duke back and drew him towards his breast.

"Come, come, Henri!" he said, "Be a good boy and promise me that you will not give any trouble. Come! don't make me feel sorry!"

Large tears again dimmed the blue eyes and the young Prince said:

"Oh, yes, yes, good papa!"

All who knew the secret of the matter were very much relieved, for they feared that the Prince might say why he had refused to pray for the King two days, and God knows how much they dreaded the revelation . . . !

The Duke of Bordeaux embraced the King and went out accompanied by his attendants and other persons of his service. At first he was silent, but when he reached the great hall of the Guards, where a few persons were present, he walked with a resolute step, and, gracefully raising his little fair head, exclaimed in a clear, confident voice:

"It doesn't matter. I didn't say anything . . . !"

It is obvious that he must have noticed in the hall the person who had spoken to him about the National Guard and that there was some uneasiness. Anyhow, in spite of this illuminating exclamation, nothing further came to light. I took a great interest in this affair, and received daily information from the person who first spoke to me about it. The Prince's firmness moved me to tears. I liked so much to see so young a child with a character that was both tender and firm!

I do not know what happened later on concerning this episode.

* * * * *

Here is another incident of about the same period.

An officer of the Royal Guard, M. de Lam—, a relation of my aunt, Princess de Comnène, and a devoted servant of the Royal Family, was a frequent visitor to the apartments of the Duchess de Gontaud, the governess of the Royal children. Both children had become greatly attached to her; her good nature and fondness for amusing them had made her almost as much a child as they.

Feeling perfectly sure of the officer and of his enlightened mind, the Duchess sometimes passed a

few moments in her room without any uneasiness regarding the children.

The Duke of Bordeaux usually availed himself of this freedom to have himself pushed in an armchair round the room, as though he were driving. M. de L—tye, the officer, pretended to be the horse. On the day in question, the drive was a very merry one and occasioned great bursts of laughter. Mademoiselle, the young Princess, also wanted to take part. As she was somewhat bigger and more directly under the rod of Mme. de Gontaud, M. de L—tye demurred to the proposal, and suggested that they should get a pretty little carriage, which Mademoiselle used in the park of Saint Cloud. But the Princess would not hear of it, and M. de L—tye was obliged to put her into the little armchair. Then the drive began.

At first there was great fun. The children laughed merrily and their pleasure greatly amused M. de Lam—tye—. But Mademoiselle had scarcely gone round the room a couple of times, when the Duke of Bordeaux begged to ride in the chair with his sister. M. de L—tye did not dare! "Put him on my lap," said Mademoiselle, "I will hold him and you can drive us both."

Accordingly she took her little brother on her knees . . . and whoever saw this charming picture must have been struck by its gracefulness. . . . They had their drive, but their joy was shortlived. The overloaded chair lost its balance and toppled over. The Duke of Bordeaux received a hard knock on the head against a heavy piece of furniture. The blow was so hard that the poor child turned pale. To pick him up,

COUNT D'ARTOIS, AFTERWARDS CHARLES X
Drawn by Laplace, engraved by Levachez

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ask him where he felt a pain, and examine his fair head was the work of a moment. The young officer was quite as upset as those he was concerned for; the Duke of Bordeaux might have done himself a great injury. . . . The responsibility that lay upon him was terrible, since he was alone with the children and a secondary person of the household staff. He turned very pale and leaning on a chair, felt quite out of sorts for a moment. The Duke of Bordeaux noticed his condition. He no sooner saw the change in their dear friend Tye-tye than he stopped crying and made his sister be silent. . . .

"Don't cry, don't cry!" he said to her. "You see how upset Tye-tye is . . . ! I'm all right, Tye-tye, I've got nothing the matter with me. Here, look!"

And the dear creature showed his smooth, clear forehead, on which there was no trace whatever of their misadventure. . . . The young Prince told the person who was present not to breathe a word about the matter, and continued to re-assure M. de L—tye with such charming grace that if his heart had not already been devoted to the Royal Family, the young Prince would have conquered it from that hour.

The suppression of the National Guard, which took place on April 30, was said to be due to the insurrectional manner with which the Guards had received the King. But the King had long nursed a grudge against them on account of the behaviour of almost all the legions in 1823 in connection with the affair of Manuel, whom Mercier, the sergeant of the National Guard, refused to arrest. He was dismissed from the Army, but the endless marks of interest that were showered

upon him had the appearance of being so many insults to the Throne, and Charles X never forgot the affair.

The day of the review was a very remarkable one in the history of the Bourbons. The blindness that had always accompanied their actions was never so much in evidence as on that memorable day. The King's decision to withdraw the Censorship law "*of justice and love*" had caused such an outburst of joy among the people, who cried out "Long live the King!" that it was impossible not to perceive how much the King was loved and his Ministers detested. This was certainly true, and the more so because over 8,000 families were mortally affected by that unpopular piece of legislation. The King ought to have been able to draw this distinction, for without being a superior man, he had plenty of opportunities to do so. But, on the contrary, he thought it was a sublime thing to prop up his ministers when it was himself who needed propping. . . . The matter was discussed. M. de Peyronnet, with his usual courage, ridiculed M. de Villèle and the Bishop of Hermopolis, who as priest and financier, could afford to be afraid in comfort. M. de Peyronnet's view prevailed, and the review was commanded. Perhaps the silence of Maréchal Oudinot played no small part in getting the command. Nevertheless he must have been aware of the morale of his troops.

On the day of the review the Champs-de-Mars looked very much as it did on the day of the Federation except for the altar for Mass. . . . The legions occupied the upper part and sides of the Champs-de-Mars. The cavalry was by the Pont d'Iéna.

COUNT DE VILLÈLE,
PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS
Engraved by Montaut

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The King arrived at mid-day. He was on horseback, and accompanied by the Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, Duke de Fitz-James, Duke de Monchy, and Duke de Raguse. Maréchal Oudinot received him at the gates of the Champs-de-Mars. Charles X possessed, perhaps more than any other Prince, the art of smiling most graciously and replying with a very worthy salute, which made the recipient feel glad to have received. On that day his *coquetterie* was still more exquisite, and loud cries of "*Vive le roi!*" resounded to the heavens. . . . The King was replying with more graciousness than ever when other cries suddenly arose from the ranks and filled the atmosphere:

"*Down with Villèle! Down with the Ministers! Down with the Jesuits . . . !*"

The King paled, not with fear, being a brave man, but with anger . . . ! He reined in his horse, and, turning towards the battalion where the shouting was loudest, said: "I have come here in order to receive homage, not advice."

Everything was as it should be, attitude, voice, and look! Then everything was spoilt by the word *homage* . . . Annoyed by this expression, a man began to shout with such impertinence that the King noticed him. He was ordered out of the ranks and immediately expelled.

Naturally the review was a very painful affair for everybody. The King found reason to believe all that the alarmists had been telling him so insistently, pointing out to him the necessity of a *coup d'état.*

The Cabinet received an affront which must have been very galling to their pride, while the National

Guard lost its right to complain, since it had taken up a hostile attitude towards the Government and thereby pledged itself to triumph in the struggle that had broken out between M. de Villèle and his colleagues.

There exists a positive attraction between the people *en masse* and the Ministerial windows. That is what happened on the day of the review. A legion was passing along the Rue de Rivoli on its way to barracks. The sight of the long row of beautiful windows filled the legion with a desire to avenge the legionary who had been punished. The soldiers broke a few windows of the Ministry of Finance. At the same time some bits of pavement were heaved and reached their billet. M. de Villèle's family was terror-stricken, and besought him to take flight by the east door in the Rue du Mont-Thabor. M. de Villèle behaved with admirable calm in that dangerous moment. He even displayed wit and gaiety.

"Whoever smashes the glasses pays for them!" he said laughingly.

The day was fairly peaceful, but the uneasiness was very great. What would the day bring forth . . . ? How would the Ministers act . . . ? Several versions were published. . . . One of them was dreadful! Unfortunately it was the one that turned out to be true.

The Duke de Duras was to be given his due: he realised the harm that this measure would immediately entail, and, like a true gentleman devoted to France, he availed himself of the right conferred upon him by his long-standing attachment and constant services.

But he spoke in vain, as did several other persons equally devoted to the Bourbons. Dominated by his chancellor and his resentment of the morning, Charles X was unwilling to make any concession. Nevertheless, by dint of persistent entreaties, the Duke de Duras succeeded at last in getting him to change his mind, while Maréchal Oudinot was promised an order of the day for the following day, in which the King showed quite clearly that he had been able to distinguish between the homage addressed to him and the cries of distress due to a real suffering.

This order of the day would have been an admirable thing, not only for the moment but for posterity as well! It would have conferred on Charles X his degree *as a sovereign* in the world of statesmanship: he would have shown that he was strong enough not to fear any seditious speech, and that he had no regard save for the affection of his people, thus dissociating himself from any undesirable combination.

But nothing of the sort happened. M. de Peyronnet, in a fit of excessive indignation and a little too conscious of his family motto, went to the Tuileries with M. de Villèle and told the King that they would both resign unless the National Guard was dismissed . . . and its disbandment decreed within twenty-four hours!

"It is not a matter of striking a just blow, one must strike hard on heads of that sort," said a man whose name I will not mention, but which will not be unrecognised. "Their *Buonaparte*, of whom they talk so much, treated them altogether differently! You are too good, Sire . . . ! Your goodness will do you great harm . . . !"

The order was issued on April 30. . . . Its consequences were not long before they appeared.

* * * * *

I must pause a moment in order to say a few words about a death which occurred that year and was a great loss to all the arts. I refer to the death of Beethoven. . . . What a man . . . ! Beethoven had the same kind of nature as God gave to such men as Michael Angelo, Raphaël and Dante,—I will add Shakespeare. He was of a dreamy, profound nature, a creation within a creation. Of all men called to judgment before posterity, Beethoven is most capable of answering for himself; his is a primitive soul seeking to breathe forth songs in celebration of divine love. He tells you: " I felt I wanted to do beautiful things." How true that is . . . ! He had to give expression to his benevolence on all sides; he desired to impart happiness! He longed to love and be loved; he was charitable and had all the virtues.

His unhappy deafness, an evil which overtook him at the age of twenty-six, yielded a great influence over all his life. . . . People took him for a misanthropist, unloving and hard to get on with, whereas the unfortunate man merely tried to conceal his deficiency from all who surrounded him.

I was very well acquainted with a painter of flowers, who gave me some interesting details concerning Beethoven. Though Fritz Mayer was a bad painter of flowers, he had a remarkable talent as a painter of *genre*, but, as always happens, he insisted on doing that for which he was less suited. In those days I had a

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country-house at Bièvre, while Mme. de Montesson had the château de Bièvre. She was particularly gifted as a painter of flowers. Mayer was engaged to be her teacher, whereas she was quite capable of giving lessons to him. But when he opened his portfolio, it was extremely delightful to look at the gallery of portraits of Beethoven, in which he had depicted the famous man in attitudes that were both burlesque and admirable at the same time. It was the poet's soul, the sacred fire of the artist that Beethoven unknowingly exhaled from himself, especially when he was conducting an orchestra.

I have been told that it was a very strange sight to watch Beethoven conducting one of his own compositions . . . ! Though he certainly had the best of intentions, he identified himself so completely with his work and became so *harmonic*, as he himself expressed it, that his power of feeling was raised to a pitch that frightened him.

Before he was attacked by deafness, he had a delicacy of hearing that must have given him great delight. Whenever he was in the midst of an angelic harmony, such as the *Heroic Symphony* or in *Fidelio*, he became very picturesque. . . . He cried out with all the strength of his vigorous lungs, and assumed a commanding aspect, which was all the more imposing because he seemed to grow bigger and more elastic. At first he tapped on the conductor's rack with a bow, but very soon his arm began to wander, and then, woe to anyone who came within its reach . . . ! He made himself look bigger, rising on the tips of his toes and seeming to take on a superhuman extension, and then, if the *fortissimo* passage was followed by an *andante*,

a *dolcemente*, or a *riso*, the giant would dwindle into a dwarf . . . ! It was at such times that Beethoven was really interesting to watch. His features changed in the continual movement of the facial nerves, and his eyes took on a passionate expression; his mouth seemed to laugh, while his whole person had something which, though it was not folly, was unique in its manner, and for this reason I was glad to have seen the portraits by Mayer. . . . One day he was conducting the orchestra at the house of Baron Metzler, who was the patron of Wolf, Beethoven's rival. The performance was of that sublime piece *The Creation of the Waters* from Haydn's oratorio. Though Beethoven considered Handel superior to Haydn, as the latter was present, he lavished all his care on the execution of those two magnificent pieces *The Torrent* and *The Brook*. But in the ardour of his movements and the continual imitation of the waves roaring and bubbling and dashing over the rocks, a portion of his clothing was unable to bear the strain and gave way with a splitting noise that was drowned by the orchestra.

Beethoven carried on with his task, and paid no attention whatever to his disarranged attire. When he reached the part dealing with the creation of the brook that flows peacefully among the flowers, winding slowly with many turnings, he assumed a gentle, tender aspect, while his dress was not only in great disorder, but the opening had grown so large that the contents of the garment were floating in the air without his being at all aware of the fact.

Beethoven did not like Mozart. That is a fault I cannot forgive him . . . ! It is a fault, in my opinion,

because it shows a lack of taste. His reason for condemning *Don Juan* is little more than sheer buffoonery. He pretended that Mozart ought not to *prostitute his talent*—his own words—on such a scandalous subject. This is sheer buffoonery.

"Besides," said Beethoven, "why so much admiration for an excommunicated man like Don Juan . . .? It is made according to the rules of the Italian School. . . ."

Well, what does it matter? If there are good things in the Italian School I am ready to take them, just as I leave those of the German School when they displease me.

Beethoven was full of himself, and not without some reason. But he was too exclusive, and believed only his own judgments, which were not always impartial. He disliked Mozart for having been in Italy. He also disliked Weber, and sometimes judged him severely.

As for Beethoven himself, he was a sublime genius, especially in symphonies. My preference is for what is called in Germany his masterpiece.

Here is the true explanation of the origin of the Symphony in B Flat attributed to the Emperor's funeral. Beethoven had been a great admirer of Napoleon, and in 1805 was engaged on a symphony which he intended to call *Napoleon*. He was working on it one morning when one of his pupils, F. Riès, informed him that Napoleon had just been proclaimed Emperor of the French.

"Ah!" said Beethoven, ". . . ah, so he's Emperor . . . ! Well, after all, he's a man of ambition like the rest!"

And there was Beethoven dreaming of a hero after Plutarch's style, a hero of ancient times . . . ! A

man after his own heart . . . ! Whereas Napoleon had failed to keep his strength of manhood before the gilded glory of a crown and sceptre! Beethoven's hero no longer existed . . . he was dead! Beethoven took up his pen and in place of the title *Napoleon* he wrote the phrase: *Heroic Symphony to celebrate the memory of a great man.* The second part, which was to have been a song of victory, was transformed into a funeral hymn. This is the true cause of the misunderstanding which was long entertained by a good many misinformed people.

Beethoven's end was due to a hypochondria that nothing could relieve. Once so kind and gentle, he had become spiteful and mistrustful. He even began to distrust an old governess, who had rendered him faithful service over many years. Beethoven told her that she could stay on, but that he himself would take charge of everything. And, indeed, he did all the marketing, paid four times dearer for everything, and got everything four times worse, and returned with a load of provisions which he insisted on preparing as best he could. Like all persons suffering from an infirmity, Beethoven was very stubborn. He insisted on doing the cooking himself, declaring that his particular genius was for that work. Behold him in a white apron with a white cap on his head and a knife at his side making a mess of the food-stuff! He wished to give a banquet to all his friends, and invited them with great ceremony, being quite serious about the matter as long as the fit lasted. His friends resolved to do honour to his banquet in order not to mortify him, thinking that the roast and boiled meat would

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at least be tolerable. But nothing of the sort! The boiled meat was all so shrivelled and dried up that not even the cats would have touched it. As for the roast meat, it was so burnt up that it was nothing but a huge piece of coal. Quite convinced that he had prepared an excellent dinner, Beethoven did not appear till it was time to sit down at table, and not wishing to change his dress as a chef, which made him look still more like a buffoon, he partook of his tanned and burnt meats, had a bit of everything and comsumed it without anyone saying a word of reproach. None of the guests could touch anything, and were glad at last to devour the fruit, which luckily Beethoven had not been able to spoil. I say luckily, because Beethoven had planned the whole dinner, and the fruit was to have been served up in tarts and compôtes. But he had no time.

These various outbursts in his peaceful life were the symptoms of a madness that would have become more intense had he lived longer. He died at the age of fifty-seven.

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In the political field, France was divided into two parties, which threatened to break into violence at last. M. de Peyronnet, with his notorious censorship law of "justice and love," was destined to bring about the explosion of the first bomb. The session of 1827 was to open without debates, and the Cabinet appeared to be quite tranquil! It was true that the *ventrus* (Big Bellies) were on his side. On that account they have been immortalised in Beranger's charming song. But the man who really deserves a diploma of immortality is the one who first gave to M. de Peyronnet's law the

name of *Justice and Love*. I very much fear he must have been a man of great wit. . . ! But nobody can forget the great outcry that arose throughout the whole of France at the mere announcement of the proposal to make such a law. It was extraordinary. My brother arrived at my house with his hands clapped over his ears, as though to prevent them from being deafened. It is a fact that the Ministers themselves were all agreed to reject the proposed law. The outcry was so universal that M. de Peyronnet began to have his doubts.

After years of peaceful slumber, the Academy suddenly woke up and behaved splendidly. It was M. de Chateaubriand who stirred this august body up.

Several members, however, cast a very sad shadow on the picture. Their leader was M. Royer, which afterwards became Secretary-General, M. de La Place, M. de Lally-Tollendal, and M. Cuvier, the naturalist . . . ! I was very much surprised at the latter.

But the rest of the Academy were admirable. An extraordinary assembly was convened for January 16, 1827, to discuss the dangerous threat to the life of literature. The Government grew alarmed; not without reason. M. de Chateaubriand called the "law of justice and love" the *Vandal* law. It was a cry of distress from his heart, and he behaved splendidly throughout the whole affair. M. de Ségur, the elder, gave him an excellent backing although he was eighty-four years old and nearly blind. "But," he said to me when I went to see him a few days after the assembly, "how could I calmly stand by and let them tyrannise over Thought as they wish to do? No! I will resist the attempt with all the efforts of my little bit of talent."

Excellent man . . . ! What a charming mind ! What a fine spirit! I was very fond of M. de Ségur! He was as kind-hearted and witty as anyone here below can possibly be.

Here are the names of those who were present at the assembly of the Academy on January 16, 1827: C. Delavigne, Jouy, Picard, Roger, Cuvier, Lally-Tollendal, Michaud, Chateaubriand, Bonard, A. Soumet, Marquis de La Place, A. Duval, Raynouard, Fraysinous, Lacretelle, Villemain, Népomucène Lemercier, Campenon, Duc de Lévis, Andrieux, Droz, Briffaut, Tracy, Parseval-Grandmaison. The Marquis de La Place was the husband of the woman—the most pretentious I have ever known—who used to say whenever she was asked about M. de La Place: "Alas! he is with his *faithful companion Geometry* . . . !" It was he who refused to pass the Emperor at his examination in mathematics. The Emperor never forgot to remind him of the fact. At the time of the assembly, he was the triennial president. Those who were on his side, or rather, shared his bad humour, were MM. de Bonald, Cuvier, Auger, de Lévis, Lally-Tollendal and Roger.

Lacretelle delivered an excellent speech on the harm which the law of "justice and love" was likely to cause to literature and the printing business, and he concluded with a petition to the King.

Many people disapproved of this step; I do not find that it was out of place in the circumstances, when literature was threatened with an attack on one of its most sacred privileges.

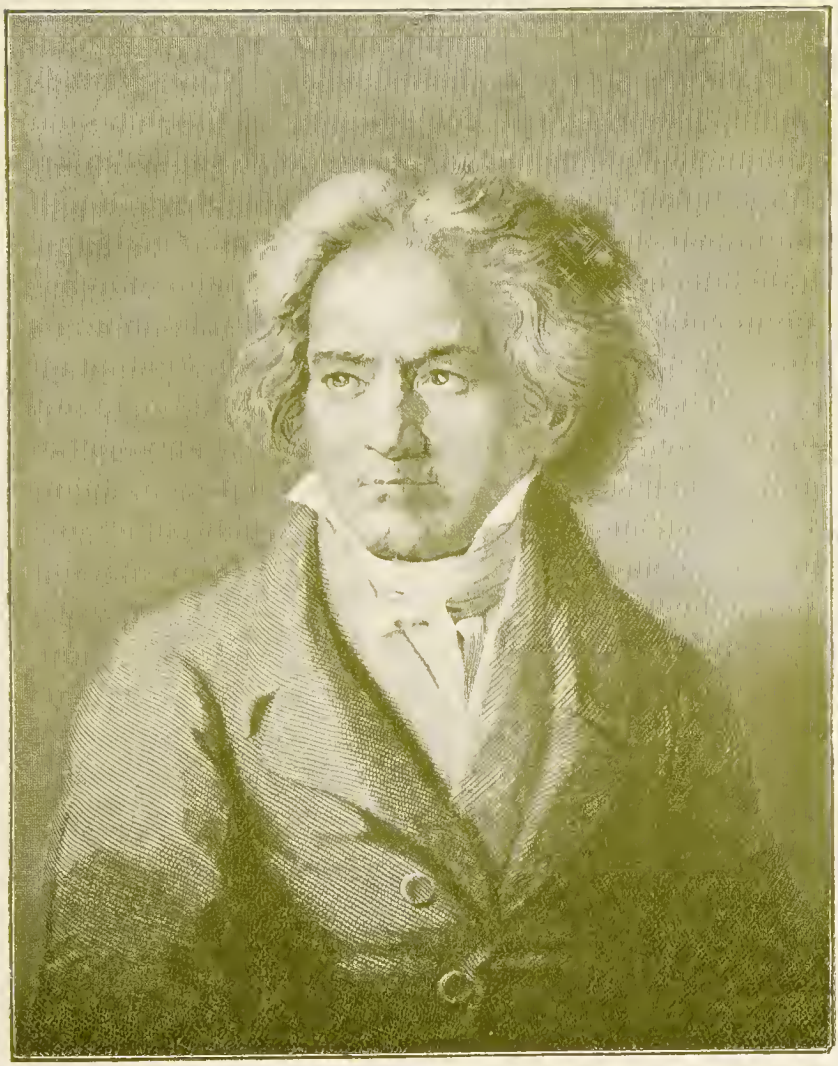
M. Auger read a letter which he had obtained from the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Quélen, who had

given it to him after constant entreaties. The worthy prelate, whose office should always be to preach peace and union, requested his colleagues to give great heed to the steps they were about to take, and warned them that they were running no small danger. . . .

The letter was ill-interpreted. Moreover, in reading it out, M. Auger made use of a ridiculous expression: he called it a *pastoral letter!* And the world of Literature, which was at that moment engaged in performing an act of independence, was no more willing to submit to the Church than to the kings of the earth. The letter was interrupted by a great outcry of disapproval, and the discussion began. M. Auger spoke on behalf of the Ministry with amazing vigour. But M. Raynouard, author of *Les Templiers*, pointed out that the Academy was free and *the eldest daughter of kings*, but that notwithstanding the title of *daughter*, it had remonstrated with the King in 1778 with regard to an edict that would have ruined the bookselling trade. The King had answered through the person of the Duke de Duras, gentleman-in-waiting at the time.

The Duke de Lévis also spoke in favour of the law, though rather feebly. Nevertheless the Ministerial party was defeated, and a strong majority decided that the petition should be presented to the King. The task of drawing up the petition was entrusted to M. Michaud, King's reader, Lacretelle, Censor of Plays, and Villemain, attached to the Council of State as master of petitions.

It is not hard to realise the profound impression produced throughout Europe by the opposition of the highest literary body in the State. . . . M. de



BEETHOVEN

DIED AT VIENNA, MARCH 26TH, 1827

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Peyronnet was on the point of requesting the King to abolish the Academy . . . ! He is said to have made the proposal, but the King is said to have answered in a manner worthy of a King of France. Nevertheless he showed weakness with regard to the authors of the petition, and MM. Michaud, Lacretelle and Villemain were deprived, by royal command, of the offices they held. This act was of no small disadvantage to the King; I do not know, however, whether he was kept informed of the matter, for he ruled in so peculiar a manner that nobody knows who was in power.

Several absent members wrote protesting against the law. MM. Guiraud and Baour-Lormain were of their number. The first gentleman-in-waiting, who was M. de Blacas, and only wanted so much to become popular, replied to the petition that the King was *unwilling to see* the Academy. This news provoked discontent on all sides. At the same time something unusual happened, and the difficulties of the Ministry were increased to such an extent that it hardly knew which way to turn.

A quarrel broke out between the French marshals and Austria. One day the Duchess of Ragusa, while visiting Mme. Apponyi, the Austrian Ambassadress, heard herself addressed as Mme. le maréchale Marmont! As she had already been warned that the Austrians were trying to repudiate the titles of the French marshals, she took alarm, left the Embassy on the spot, and went and complained to the Maréchal de Damas. The Austrians claimed that the Dukes of Ragusa, Dalmatia, Reggio, Vicenza, Treviso, Rovigo, Belluna should renounce their names, as they were the names of towns and provinces.

The Government had just committed a grave mistake; it had to give its attention to the latest event, the appointment of Lord Wellington as Marshal of France . . . Him . . . ! Lord Wellington . . . ! It was an affront, and a voluntary affront, because the baton must have been offered before it could be accepted. Nothing was more likely to make one believe a man to have been so stupid and ridiculous as to expose himself to the chance of a refusal. . . . The outburst was terrible. . . . The Ministry lost its head. From that time a visible decline set in, and rumour did nothing but increase it.

There were plenty of fights. Hitherto, the warfare had been between parties and between nations; now, the battles were between man and man. On January 21, 1827, on coming out of the church of St. Denis, after a Requiem for Louis XVI, M. de Talleyrand stood in the porch waiting for his carriage when he was knocked down and kicked by a man. . . . This man was M. de Maubreuil, who said at first that he had been commissioned by M. de Talleyrand to assassinate the Emperor, and afterwards, to steal the diamonds of the Queen of Westphalia.

M. de Maubreuil's performance that day was one of the strangest of the period. There was something sinister in the affair that made one shudder. . . . He was arrested and taken to the police station, where he was deprived of all his papers, *which were never returned to him.* He was kept in solitary confinement, a very unnecessary procedure for a mere matter of fisticuffs between two men. He complained that he was oppressed and unable to speak out, though he knew

COUNT DE PEYRONNET

MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR IN THE POLIGNAC CABINET

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a good many things that seemed almost incredible and were likely to cause a stir throughout the country. M. de Maubreuil well had his say, and proved that he was being dealt with after his own manner, that is to say, as a man without principles. . . . He could only expect tit for tat at the hands of a Government such as that of 1827. So he learnt that if he had dabbled in treachery himself, the others were quite capable of being his master in that respect.

M. de Maubreuil made a very odd complaint to his judges. He accused his counsel of having been seduced by the opposing party in order to secure his ruin. The advocate's name was M. Bauttier. He was living at the time in the Rue de la Seine, No. 62 or 64. On March 4, a few days after his client's accusation, M. Bauttier was taking a bath in his house. All of a sudden, he went mad, flew out of the bath, and ran stark naked to a room, flung open the door of a balcony overlooking the street, and leaping about and calling for help, showed anything but his face to the passers-by. . . . At the sight of this strange figure everybody in the street stopped and looked with great amusement at the gratuitous performance. He was soon made to go back into the house . . . but darted out again, and began his wild antics once more, always in the same state of nature. This time he shouted out: "No! no! I have a conscience . . . ! I cannot betray an unfortunate man . . . ! What do you want of me . . . ? You want me to give you his papers . . . ? Very well, here they are . . . but at least . . . out" And he put his hand as though to take back what he was giving. . . . "Help! help!"

he cried out, "they want to kill me . . . ! Help . . . ! Then he fell down panting and helpless.

His mind was upset, having received too strong a blow. He kept crying out that they wanted to kill him. . . . "My conscience is pure!" was another expression that he kept repeating.

More than two thousand persons gathered about the house of the unhappy man, who went on crying out in a most lamentable manner. . . . Finally the police intervened.

The Prefect, M. Franchet, sent a squad of gendarmes, who arrested the advocate, already in a high fever, and took him to a nursing home in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He stayed there a while and was then taken back home.

The affair, which was never cleared up with regard to M. de Talleyrand, did him an irreparable harm. M. de Maubreuil charged him with things of so serious a nature that the most impartial people were unable to withhold their blame. M. de Maubreuil was condemned to two years' imprisonment and to pay the costs, a wicked judgment if ever there was one. . . .

Why was there no inquiry into so grave a matter? Was M. de Talleyrand afraid of it . . . ?

* * * * *

I now come to an age which really commences the year 1830; I mean to say, the age of miracles. . . . For the matter to have reached the point it did, the people who proclaimed the miracles must really have had something wrong with their brains. . . . The cross at Migné was the first miracle solemnly announced to the people.

On Sunday, December 17, 1826, at five o'clock in

A SOIRÉE

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the evening, as a cross was being set up in the churchyard, several persons looked up and beheld a cross in the air, formed by gaps in the clouds. The cross was a radiant one—no doubt because the banked-up cloud caught the slanting rays of the sun and produced a quite simple optical effect. . . . The priests of Migné, Saint Pouch and the chaplain of the Royal College of Poitiers, a certain Abbé de Bois-Beaupré, who was the preacher of the occasion, were all witnesses of the apparition, which God was kind enough not to have transported to the Place Louis XV in the middle of the night and against a gloomy sky, while a voice cried out from on high: "Repent, unhappy people, and return to God . . . !" Then perhaps, I might have believed it was a miracle. But I confess I cannot find it in me to give any credence to these ludicrous tricks of jugglery, that do far more harm than good to the cause of true religion.

Very soon the Migné miracle was followed by thousands of others equally absurd. One day a man of fair intelligence brought me a letter, which he had received from a village priest in Touraine. Being alone in the church, the priest had opened the tabernacle containing the Reserved Sacrament and found inside three radiant faces, that is, three heads without bodies, *not in a bonnet* but in the pyx containing the Sacrament . . . ! And the man had the poverty of wit to write such a thing . . . !! And the man who received the letter had the audacity to read it out and pretend to believe it . . . !

That God should send three heads to fit very uncomfortably into the pyx of a village in Touraine was really

too clownish and not at all seemly. . . . Finally, there was not a town or village in France that would go without its miracle. What a peculiar age it was!

M. de Peyronnet, being very much annoyed at the opposition to his Censorship Bill, indiscreetly let fall a remark about dissolving Parliament. The result was a more violent outcry throughout the country. The storm was already beginning to rumble, and yet the slumber still went on.

At the very moment when any show of severity was of no use except to exasperate the public, it was decided to make an example of a certain M. Magallon for having shown disrespect for the King by publishing some bad verse, in which he had said: "Yes, he's a sheep! but a *rabid sheep*."

It was nothing more serious than that. But the unfortunate man was arrested and incarcerated at Sainte Pélagie in the political section. M. Barginet was there at the same time, and has since given me a lot of facts, which I believe to be true, for he is an upright, loyal man.

They were badly treated at Sainte Pélagie, but for the unfortunate M. Magallon it was a trial sprinkled with roses in comparison with what he was to undergo later on.

A dreadful thing happened this same year, which seemed destined to witness all sorts of troubles. The Duke de Liancourt died. He was a good man, if ever there was one, his whole life being devoted to the relief of those in distress. . . . He did more good in the course of his long career than many a King on his throne has done throughout a long reign. And

DECEMBER 17TH, 1826

A CROSS IN THE SKY AT MIGNÉ, NEAR POITIERS, AS A CALVARY WAS BEING ERECTED

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certainly one of the reasons for the unpopularity of the returning monarchy was the persecution to which this great man was subjected on account of the good he was doing. The Restoration literally *persecuted* him; that is the right word. The restored Bourbons did not like him. At last he was deprived, all in one day, of five unpaid posts in which he was doing good . . . ! When his death became known, Paris was a city of mourning. Schools he had founded, shelters he had endowed, the distressed people he had helped, the families he had restored to honest labour, in a word, all the host of people who adored him stood around his coffin, and the pupils of the Châlons school wished to bear his body from the house to the church. At first the procession was peaceful. No orders had been given by M. Franchet-Dupéreux, who was probably not in the habit of looking for generous impulses, and had not anticipated what was, in fact, most likely to occur. The police did not venture to say anything, and went to him for their orders. M. Franchet was merely dozing; he soon appeared on the scene.

The police ordered the coffin to be placed in the hearse and forbade the young men to carry it on their shoulders to the grave, as they desired to do. The young men protested and resolved to go on with their task. The police persisted, and the struggle became a thing of horror, for it took place over a coffin . . . and very soon the most dreadful sacrilege was accomplished. The coffin slipped from the hands of the young men who were defending their benefactor. It fell heavily to the ground, and burst open, exposing the body of the venerable man as though to put his

curse upon them . . . ! The bystanders were overwhelmed with horror. There was something supernatural in their stupor. . . . Both parties stood aghast before the disfigured face, the expression of which seemed to curse the monsters who by their conduct reminded one of those days of profanation which we cannot recall without horror. It was the soldiers themselves who, with feelings of honest shame at having suffered such an unworthy scandal, repaired the damage as best they could, and the procession then resumed its task of bearing the good man's body to the sole refuge that was formerly respected by the rage of men, and is now delivered over to all their passions.

It was because I had forgotten several things that I was obliged to go back in order to deal with them. We will now resume the story of the events, which become more pressing and grave.

Doctor Laennec had just died. To fill the vacant professorship M. de Corbière appointed M. Récamier, who was in every way suited for the post both on account of his knowledge and good behaviour. As a man of virtue he deserved all that M. de Corbière wished to do for him; as a savant, his cleverness and profound erudition placed him in the foremost rank. He was, however, a little too zealous in his piety. Of course one must have religion, but at the Medical School one must have only a reasonable dose, and to tell the truth, M. Récamier was perhaps too acid in advancing his views. I am certain, however, that he was quite sincere, and that his belief was as genuine as it was ardent.

M. Récamier's competitor was M. Magendie. The former, however, was appointed. But the King's com-

A POOR SIRE

Liberal caricature of Charles X

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mand was not the only thing that was necessary: the sanction of the students had also to be obtained . . . ! M. Récamier no sooner took the chair, than a storm of hisses and murmurs prevented him from speaking. He was a man of stern nature and, having once been appointed to the chair, he considered it his duty to stay there. The authorities had to be called in. The presence of the law students complicated the matter still further, and they were included in the punishment, when the police surrounded the Collège de France. Police officials and agents had to present themselves at the hour of the lesson in order to give it their protection. As long as it was in progress, the doctor was left in peace, but as soon as it was over, the shouts of the students mingled with those of the Rue Saint-Jacques. On the third day the students were arrested. This merely led to further exasperation, which reached its limit when the police were introduced and the doors closed.

The same evening, M. Récamier was driving across the Pont Saint Michel. It was five o'clock. A crowd of students held him up, dragged him from the cab, mishandled him and obliged him to go with them to the Préfecture de Police to request the pardon and release of the prisoners. The Préfecture was shut, but the *gendarmerie* arrived with drawn swords. They charged the young students, and several of them were wounded. It was an unpleasant thing for Doctor Récamier, who is a nice man, to have been the cause, even involuntary, of blood being shed for his sake.

But the important event of the moment was the re-establishment of the censorship. The censorship!

that monster which muzzles our minds while it soils our lips! It is stated in some memoirs that Prince von Metternich wrote to France to demand the re-establishment of the censorship. This is untrue. Prince von Metternich is amazingly shy with regard to other people's business. He is very circumspect. And I believe I am right in saying that he did not do what he is said to have done. A man's life and antecedents are a good guide to his conduct. A life that has been honourable since its dawn will be so at its setting, when it has shown a fidelity to principles and rests upon a broad, solid basis.

It was the Vicomte de Bonald who had a good deal to do with the issue of the decree setting up the censorship. He wrote a memoir which my brother read and greatly admired as a literary work, though it was bad in every other respect, and quite beyond the mark. There was to be an administrative jurisdiction . . . a literary and civil magistrature, a High Committee to pronounce judgment in the last instance, and a Commission.

The stories that began to go round were both numerous and strange. It was said that the Cabinet was unable to find anyone to form the committees and commissions. My brother told me that M. de Lally-Tollendal had refused.

At last we had the censors, and the whole system of administration of that notorious machine, which was intended to close the lips of a million resounding voices! But like a spring that needs to be gently pressed, it was destined to snap violently beneath the hand that tried to force it.

M. de Bonald was president, and the Marquis d'Herbouville, peer of France, was vice-president. An unfortunate M. Lourdoueix, whose name was the laughing-stock of all parties, was put in charge of the work of looking after the administration . . . ! Members of the committee were MM. Olivier, de Marquillier and Frénilly, all three deputies to the Lower House, M. de Broé the famous lawyer, and *M. Cuvier ! ! !* But as the latter was accustomed to behold extraordinary phenomena every day in his studies of Nature, that of his own conduct in this affair seemed to him quite simple.

As for the other members of the committee, I abstain from speaking of them after having mentioned M. de Bonald and M. Cuvier. Even the latter was an unknown person as regards judging literary matters. He was far too specialised in one part to be capable of judging literature as a whole; an ordinary man would have been much better. M. Cuvier realised this so clearly that he stubbornly refused to have anything to do with the work of the committee, as also did M. de Broé. Their refusal gave a further touch of ridicule to the already ridiculous scheme. The committee was therefore re-composed, and set to work. Nobody knew any of its members except M. Pain, a charming composer of vaudevilles and the collaborator of M. Bouilly. As for *M. Silence*, I must confess I had never heard his name. The same applies to a M. L'Evêque and a M. Duplessis. Oh, what a game it was!

Mention must be made of the men who behaved well on this occasion. MM. Caix and Rio, both professors of history at the Collège Henri IV and the

Collège Bourbon, and very honourable men, refused and even had to stand up against threats. I am well aware that the Government inspired no fear, but these men resisted the lure of riches, and that is why I praise them.

The censorship affair did much harm to M. de Bonald. It put him in a light that was altogether too strong for the publicist who raised his voice so strenuously after the Revolution which had made his family's fortune and his own, besides his glory. For, after all, the Marquis de Bonald was a country gentleman of Rouergue, whose whole income was 3,000 livres and nothing more. We no longer live in the days when Petrarca could laughingly say: "*Povera e nuda vai, Filosofia*[1]" Ours has to be well fed and clothed . . .

M. de Bonald not only received a vast number of notes and very lively letters, but pamphlets as well. Nothing that was said or done, however, had any effect on the Chief Censor. Scissors in hand, he cut and maimed without letting anything trouble him. It was only the brochure of M. Pagès that had any effect on him. He was sensitive to its malicious wit, and complained to the author himself.

"Really," replied Pagès, who was an exceedingly witty man, "it's the only way to speak to censors! When a man suffers he complains, monsieur le marquis; that's a truth that no censorship will ever reform, you may rest assured."

Another adversary, a kind, loyal witty man and author of many interesting books, Baron de Lamothe Langon, wrote some charming verses against the censorship.

[1] "Poor and naked goest thou, Philosophy!"

MARIE-THERÈSE-CHARLOTTE, DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME

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Lasses d'épouvanter le mortel affligé
Ou d'avoir à punir les hôtes du Ténare,
Les trois horribles sœurs de leur monarque avare
Un beau matin prirent congé.
"Ah!" s'écria Pluton, "jamais dans mon royaume
On ne doit du repos connaître les douceurs;
On n'entend pas du ciel que le Tartare chôme;
Aux trois démons partis trouvons des successeurs."
Il dit: et, courtisan de ce hideux fantôme,
Cerbère vomit les *cent sœurs!*

The censorship became so odious in France that even those who were the least capable of understanding the word, said: "The censorship is a monster!" The market women called everybody they wished to insult, *Censor*. There was something remarkably true at the bottom of this hatred.

* * * * *

What I have to say regarding the emotion I felt on opening *Le Moniteur* one day is no longer concerned with sorrow . . . it was joy, an ardent, pure joy, one of those joys that go straight to the heart . . . ! *The Victory of Navarino . . . !* What a wonderful thing that victory was . . . ! And yet could anyone believe that there were bosoms in France in which that great joy awoke no echo? There were some who went so far as to put on sackcloth and ashes in order to beg pardon of Almighty God for having been *in any way* an active *cause* of that great event . . . ! Nevertheless it is a fact! The victory of Navarino was deplored in the royal palace, and the Roman Catholic priests went so far as to curse the laurels of that victory, although it was a Christian one. . . . But these laurels of victory had not been ordered by any of those men,

who dream of nothing but our degradation, and for that reason the victory of Navarino was not to be repeated . . . ! The battle of Navarino, however, was a great thing for Greece! It set her free. I have never been able to understand why England was displeased, for it is useless to deny the fact. I think, however, that her regret was due to the fear lest her trade should suffer from this war with the Orient; it could not be for any other motive, or else it was sheer madness. . . . In France it was nothing but sheer barbarity, especially on the part of the Catholic clergy, the manner in which the widows and orphans of Missolonghi were received, being altogether shameful. All that remained of those heroes, martyrs for the Cross though they were, received barely any help at all from our parishes! I would not say this if it were not the truth; it is so terrible that I would cast a veil over its nakedness, if it were only possible to doubt it.

Alas! poor widows and refugee children, snatched from the daggers of the Turks, found no pity in France except in the hearts of a few *angels*, such as I knew, and in several persons who made an ostentation of charity; but after having left Greece to cry for help for so many years Catholic France remained true to her system of inflexibility, and received without pity the widows of those whom she had left to die by her tardy help.

But if we turn in shame from the sight of those hearts without charity, how delightful it is to find in their midst people who make you proud of being their friend . . . ! Here's a woman who has spent her whole life in doing good and noble things. Whatever

MADAME RÉCAMIER

Anonymous engraving after a portrait by Stall

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your political banner or religion, whatever your colour, if you are in distress, you have only one thing in her eyes, namely, your misfortune, and with it the right to be helped. If you have had the unhappiness of losing your fortune, she too has lost hers . . . she can no longer share it with you, but her friendship takes her into the remotest quarters in search of help. If your sufferings are of the heart, you will hear an angel's voice speaking to you as angels surely speak . . . and the words she utters are so pure, straightforward and noble that one feels happier than one has ever been before, in the knowledge of having such a woman for a friend.

She was Mme. Récamier!

Ah! how many times I have felt such deep pangs of heart that I thought I must succumb to their bite. . . ! I use this expression purposely, because I really felt as though my heart was being lacerated by a sharp tooth. . . . Well, she would come to me without saying a word, but approaching my bedside and clasping my hand in silence, still smiling at me in silence, just looking at me . . . but how great was the eloquence of her look! What kindness! What a consoling fluid poured into my soul from her gentle eyes, though they sometimes looked severe, as if they were saying: "You are wrong, for you also believe in God . . . and you suffer . . . ? But you suffer, let us weep together."

With such a beautiful soul, it is not hard to imagine how Mme. Récamier received the unhappy Greeks who appealed to her. She could not bear to see the poor creatures suffer without giving them all her aid and

care. The son of Canaris became her adopted child. M. de Chateaubriand encouraged her in her kindness towards the child, and the little Greek could look up to them as to his sure protectors, whatever their creed may have been.

As we are always destined to experience opposing movements arising from different causes, new troubles began to break out as a result of conditions in Portugal, Spain and Greece, following on the fall of empires and kings, which came so quickly one after another that one was hardly ever out of mourning. First it was a King of Portugal, then a Pope of Rome, then an Emperor of Russia, an ancient country striving to regain its glory or other countries losing theirs for ever . . . ! And yet France was laughing and singing on the very brink of an abyss into which a single false step might plunge her at any moment . . . ! What power is it that leads men thus from the straight and common path and makes them prefer strange and crooked ways? We have already seen it . . . !

About the same time Paris was visited by a family of wild monsters called Osages. They were hideous. Nevertheless they attracted more attention than any of the Sovereigns of foreign countries who had visited Paris till then. . . . Our shame is all the greater because the savages were stupid. One day they came to Versailles to admire the palace, although the sense of admiration was not very much developed among them. I was unwell, and prevented from attending the theatre where they appeared in the evening. A few days later, however, I was paying a visit to M. Forbin at his atelier in the Louvre, when the Osages came to

MANUEL, DEPUTY FOR LA VENDÉE
DIED 20TH AUGUST, 1827

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look at the pictures and statues. I asked and obtained permission not only to see them, but also to speak to them through an interpreter. I tried signs with them and found it worked better. They were supposed to have their senses perfectly developed, especially the sense of hearing. It was said to be exquisite. I thought they were stupidly brutish. The old man with the hatchet seemed to me absurd and far from being what is generally understood by the expression, a savage. He was constantly drowsing with half-closed eyes, and looked like an animal of some sort escaped from the Zoo. The sight of the statues made him laugh uproariously. When I asked him why, he made a gesture as though unable to explain, throwing out his arms and bowing his head. . . . Oh! those Osages . . . !

But another farce that took place towards the end of the year was the proposal to dissolve Parliament, preceded by the nomination of seventy-six peers . . . ! It would be impossible to enumerate all the things that were said regarding this unfortunate nomination . . . ! The censorship concealed the fire of a host of gunpowder fuses. . . . The time was ripe for La Vendée. . . . Danger threatened on all sides, and defence was nowhere. . . . It was one of those vertiginous moments such as we have often seen, and shall see again, only to let ourselves be taken in as before. The censorship, which was to make a clean sweep of everything and bring back the Golden Age, brought back the Iron Age instead, and the Devil alone had a voice that could make itself heard. What times, my God . . . !

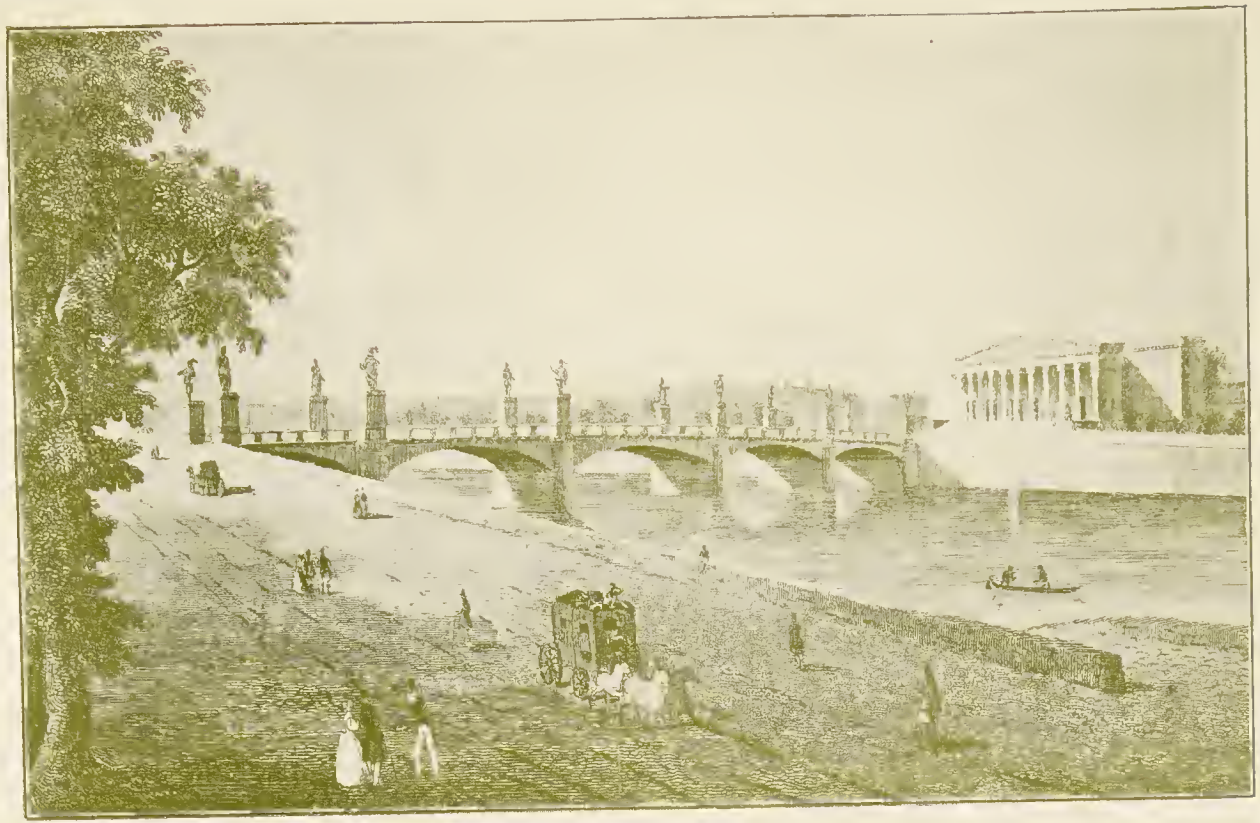
England now thought she could at last have a ministry in France amenable to her wishes, and Lord

Wellington referred, both in private letters and intimate talks, to Prince de Polignac. . . . M. de Peyronnet and M. de Villèle ought to have foreseen that the Pavillon Marsan, that is, the *zelanti*, who were no longer restrained by the opposition press, were certain to renew their activities and resolve on the ministers' downfall. The Villèle ministry, the best of any under the Restoration, stood in the way of this wretched faction, which could only get it to grant a quarter of their demands. In their opinion, the indemnities were *nothing;* the censorship was *nothing;* everything, indeed, was *nothing*. . . . M. de Villèle had *done nothing*. He saw his downfall approaching. How had he been able to carry on the struggle so long, especially as the King was against him?

Tormented by the host of violent demands addressed to him, the King at last resolved to appease the bigots. . . . He summoned to his presence some of the bitterest opponents of M. de Villèle and tried to talk things over with them. It was impossible, however, to come to any agreement. Annoyed at their resistance, Charles X said to them:

"Very well, gentlemen, you shall have another ministry instead of M. de Villèle's. . . . But do you know whom I will give you? A man of virtue, a statesman, in a word, a man against whom the factions will have nothing to say, because he belongs to none. . . . He is M. de Rayneval."

They thought they were dreaming. . . . "Yes, gentlemen, you shall have M. de Rayneval, if you wish to oblige me to dismiss M. de Villèle. You will not have M. de Polignac? Very well, you shall have a man about whom you will have nothing to say, I hope."



LE PONT DE LA CONCORDE, LE PALAIS ROYAL, AND LE COURS-LA-REINE
IN 1830

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It was the Aquitaine faction, as it was called, led by the Duc d'Angoulême, that would not hear of M. de Polignac. Charles X liked him, and was hoping for the time when he would be able to appoint him. Alas! the time came all too soon! In the meantime Paris was a hotbed of intrigues like a Cabinet antechamber. The machinations of the Court, the tentatives of the Liberals, and the murmurs of what remained of the army of the Empire, were all elements of a great ferment due to their particular needs and the daily struggles that took place among them. M. de Villèle was quite aware of the activities directed against him, but he was not strong enough to do more than retard his downfall, which merely postponed that of the King. It was even said—I cannot say whether it is true—that M. de Villèle had a long and secret conference with the heads of the organising committee. But however secret it may have been, it became known, and the result was very terrible for M. de Villèle. It was asserted that he offered very great concessions, but, realising his position, he demanded before all else the positive exclusion of M. de Polignac. It was precisely the latter whom the Jesuits wished to have. . . . They on their part, being intent on having their way, presented him with a ministry in which he was to be president of the Council, M. de Latil in place of M. de Frayssinous, M. de Polignac as Foreign Minister and M. de Martignac or M. de La Bourdonnaie as Minister for Home Affairs. The selection was a very peculiar one, for M. de Martignac and M. de la Bourdonnaie were not at all alike, the one being full of fire, while the other was calm and reasonable, suave even in the

most burning matters. "*M. de Martignac est la Malibran de la Chambre*," said M. de Talleyrand—he had to say witty things, as he was not allowed to do anything else.

Is this all quite true? I believe so. I did not hear the discussion, but I see no reason to doubt it. M. de Villèle behaved with less adroitness than he had hitherto shown. He had broken nothing in the shape of instruments; he had got there without reflecting. He acted like a man in the middle of a concert, who realising that one of his violin strings has gone wrong, takes it off without knowing whether he has another to put in its place, and so he behaves like a bungler in the most important action of his ministerial life. M. Decazes also dissolved Parliament—but with what a difference!

M. de Villèle then resolved to make a *coup d'état*, for he, too, had got his own up his sleeve. He created the seventy-six peers, as I have already mentioned, taking them from God knows where in order to set them up as peers of the realm, the only nobility that remains in France; for what was known by that name had become a worthless designation, since no privlege were attached to it. What is a nobleman with no more power than a peasant? Nothing at all. He is like a piece of silvered copper that neither circulates nor buys you anything to eat—whereas the big penny, which in the world of coins is the least noble thing there is, will at least get my bread for me. The peerage, therefore, is the only nobility in France at the present time, and it was into this assembly of patricians that M. de Villèle introduced and inscribed his long troupe of persons, many of whom must have been surprised

to find themselves in one another's company and to have to fulfil an imposed duty, for it was part of the undertaking that the seventy-six peers were not to speak, see or move except at the dictates of the minister who had honoured them with that sad privilege.

Among the seventy-six there were a few, however, who deserved the peerage, and must have been surprised to be so late in getting it. Of this number was Maréchal Soult.

The day the news became known in Paris I visited several houses where I met several of the old peers, knights of the old order, who, like those of Venice, had their names written in the Golden Book. . . . They looked very sad and gloomy . . . ! So sad, indeed, that I felt quite as sad myself. Among them were several whom I had sometimes made fun of; but at that moment it seemed to me that their white hair blazoned forth their nobility. . . . I could not help thinking of my uncle, Prince Demetrius de Comnène grieving on account of this mania, for so perhaps one may call respect for a name borne with honour for centuries. I felt guilty of my indifference. . . . M. de Villèle was less clever, under the circumstances, than he appeared to be.

How far he had progressed in unpopularity was revealed to him when he found himself obliged, by another absurdity of the law, to suspend the censorship, in accordance with one of its stipulations, a fortnight or a month, I don't quite know which, before the re-composition of Parliament. It would be impossible to describe the joy of the Republican journals. "The throb of joy was so great that it made my hands tremble,"

I was told by a young man, who had not written a word since the Censorship was established. . . .

"Tell me where you stand in the matter," one of my friends wrote to me.

"Where we stand in the matter?" I answered. "Who knows? The King is asking the same question of M. de Villèle, who passes it on to Corbière (whom he wished to sacrifice, by the way). Corbière asks the prefects, the prefects ask the electors, and they in their turn ask everybody. *That's how we stand;* for you will know that the press is free, Parliament dissolved and the electors summoned—you will agree that if we are not mad, it is not for lack of madmen."

Was it not M. Pasquier who once said, with his usual play of wit: *La France est devenue centre gauche.*" If such a thing ever happened, it was at the time of the temporary triumph of the republican Liberals when the bigots were humiliated. M. de La Bourdonnaie, M. de Polignac and the rest came very badly off, and instead of entering the battlefield with power or boldness as all fighters should, they came with neither. M. de Villèle was one of those people who dislike weakness and timidity; he was like women . . . hence he turned towards the strength which showed itself in the group which had sprung up under the name of the Left Centre. That was another mistake of his. Such people could not be expected to put up with delays. Moreover there was an insurmountable barrier between them, distrust on one side and, ought I to say so? low esteem on the other. It is not when overtaken by adversity, that you should go and ask the people you have persecuted to give you their hand! Such a

thing is only done individually, because you are scrutinised, and whether you are generous or not, you hinder your enemy from drowning. . . . But go and talk of generosity in this sense to the masses . . . ! It cannot be done. It is obvious that M. de Villèle was speaking of something he did not know. . . . When he realised that the Liberals did not wish to have him in their perfectly pure party, he got together for himself the little army known as the Ministerialists, yet another faction, or at least a denomination. As if we had not enough of them . . . !

However, everything was on the rise, or rather decline, and France seemed to be on the verge of a violent crisis, unless a clever hand was forthcoming to restrain her.

* * * * *

In the midst of these troubles, which were the forerunners of great events, a host of incidents occurred which were more astonishing on account of their repetition than in themselves. Funerals have become nothing but an occasion for riot, and the solemn moment of committing the remains of an honoured friend or citizen to earth was chosen by the Liberals for the purpose of starting a demonstration and fomenting almost a revolt. Such behaviour is more than blame-worthy.

Perhaps it was the turbulent character of Manuel, member for La Vendée, that survived his death and inspired the outburst at his funeral. It is well known nowadays that, although he was made out to be a victim, he had become troublesome to his party and was removed from affairs because the Left had learnt to fear him. Whereupon he was attacked by the illness

to which he afterwards succumbed. He was taken to the house of M. Laffitte at Maisons-Château, where he died on August 20 of the same year (1827). Manuel was a spirited, courageous man, but not remarkable enough to be compared to General Foy, who was his superior not only as a parliamentarian but as an ordinary man of the world as well. However obvious the truth of this may have been, it was resolved, as a result of that spirit of contradiction which we bring to everything, to deify Manuel after his death. The authorities were duly informed of the programme of his funeral, and very prudently made certain alterations in it. In this way authority shows foresight, forestalling the danger in order not to have to inflict punishment. It is much better than pardoning. I quite realise that vanity does not get its full demands, but humanity is satisfied. Hence, instead of entering Paris by the Arc de Triomphe and crossing the town on its way to the cemetery of Père Lachaise, the friends of the deceased man were advised to take the funeral procession along the boulevard outside the town. But as a demonstration was considered necessary, some young men at the Martyrs' Gate wished to unharness the horses and pull the hearse or carry the coffin on their shoulders. They got what they wanted, but afterwards order was re-established. Armed force had to take its share in the matter, to the great scandal of a good many people, who always mistake effects for causes, and fail to realise that they themselves bring the gendarmes to the scene of the trouble, whenever it occurs. M. Manuel should have been buried with simplicity and without all those demonstrations, which were far from being natural

THE MASSACRE IN THE RUE ST. DENIS
18TH–21ST NOVEMBER, 1827

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(M. Manuel was viewed with disfavour by three-fourths of his party), and could only be regarded as a hostile act against authority. Anyhow, authority must make itself respected; it does not even inspire confidence, unless it displays force. It is well known, nowadays, that the cause of the painful illness which ended in M. Manuel's death was his being forsaken by his party, and above all, by those whom he called his friends. What he did not lack was funeral orations or speeches, whichever you like to call them. . . . There were as many as four: one each by M. de La Fayette, Beranger, M. de Schonen and Laffitte.

Larive, the actor, also died about the same time. I have never been able to understand his talent. I thought it was bad, even in *Philoctète*, which he claimed to be his triumph. It had been said that *Lekain en passant l'Achéron avait laissé son talent sur Larive.*

Death was in the air; the English Cabinet was especially visited. This time it was Mr. Canning's turn. I never saw him, but my brother knew him quite well, and often spoke to me of him with great interest. He appreciated his talent but disliked his character; he declared that M. Canning's principles were far too advanced for a man called to govern a country, which for all its constitutional appearance, is anything but that. He also disliked meddlesomeness, which made Mr. Canning inclined to interfere in all the countries that were in revolution. Portugal, Spain, Piedmont, Naples, and several German States were made to feel the influence, whether open or secret, of Mr. Canning, or rather, England. He did not like the Jesuits at all, and they cordially returned his

dislike! I have seen few faces with a finer expression than that of Mr. Canning. He had none of the aristocratic distinction of Lord Castlereagh, though he was not without a distinguished position. It was suggested at the time that he did not die a natural death, but in a question of this sort one ought to be so certain of what one says that it is better to let somebody else decide the matter. He was a very clever man.

The future will decide whether he was right in aiding the revolutionary movements among the nations. If the Republican State is to arise out of the storms afflicting Europe, if it is decreed that this form of government is the one to which we are all destined, it is obvious that the men in power are wise to foresee the movement and to lay hold of it in order to direct it for the good of all. If Louis XVI had been willing to see the indispensable necessity, I do not say of *the* Revolution but of *a* revolution, he would have taken hold of the reins of government, and France would have been revolutionised, that is to say, changed, by the proper person.

Nothing seemed more likely to bring about a new upheaval, a revolution even, than did the censorship; and yet it was re-imposed with more ardour than ever. I have never been able to understand M. de Peyronnet's affection for his darling law . . .!

A sort of mental dizziness seemed to be in the atmosphere of those days. Though M. de Villèle was not king, he had power, and that is a reason which makes a man as clever at being blind and stupid as any King in Europe. The Paris elections took place in 1828 with a rage against the Ministry such as the

King had never had to endure. The majority against the Ministry was so great that the electors were on the point of deciding to go in a body to the King and demand the dismissal of the Ministers. The opposition was at least formidable enough to cause uneasiness: they were men such as Benjamin Constant, Casimir-Périer, one of the strictest and most upright men that I have ever known, Royer-Collard, Ternaux, General Foy, General Lamarque, and M. de Rambuteau.

Men such as the foregoing were nominated by the electors of Paris. Such a choice determined the position of the Ministry more than anything else . . . but nothing could have enlightened them more than the frantic joy of the people when they saw how their spokesmen had fulfilled their task. The joy bordered on madness . . . never before was such a sight seen in Paris . . . never was so imminent a danger allied with so much light-heartedness and care-free joy.

There is a good deal of mystery connected with the disorders that occurred on November 17 and 18, 1827. . . . The Ministry could have given some very curious details on that dark affair! There was something iniquitous behind the threatening revolt which went on growing, while nothing was done to repress it and everything done to excite it. People saw nothing but an intrigue of the Ministry behind the events of November 17 and 18 . . . ! Its object is said to have been to stop the Liberal elections in the North and East, where they have almost always taken place in this sense! But it would be too heinous . . . !

It is certain that the most intense joy was manifested on the day of the elections, because the people saw

that they were favourable to its views and interests; but with the exception of a few cries of " *Long live the Charter . . . ! Long live the King!* there was no suggestion of a revolt. That illuminations were spontaneously made, is also true. The people were pleased, but there was no insurrectionary manifestation. . . . It was about eleven o'clock in the evening that bands of dreadful women, children and men with sinister-looking faces that reminded survivors of the September days of the Revolution, made their appearance in Paris, especially in the direction of the Rue St. Denis, shouting, or rather howling, the name of M. de Villèle and of all the Ministers with dreadful imprecations . . . ! *Down with the Jesuits! down with the priests . . . !* These wild people had no leader at their head . . . ! It was frightful! It is difficult to explain why they were allowed to do so much damage. . . ! The police put down *nothing . . . !* At some post or other, however, two or three hundred wretches were arrested, but immediately released on an order that has never been traced. Though the police were usually active even to the point of terrorism, they were more than kind during the manifestations of November 17 and 18.

Hence, a witty person uttered a great truth when she jestingly remarked:

" Truly, these people go so slowly, *they break out so leisurely*, that one might say it is *a revolt made to order.*"

One of the reasons for this remark was that most of the damage was done by glaziers, painters and joiners. They probably thought they would be invited next day to repair the damage they had done the night before. A squad of police could easily have dispersed

MARCH OF THE SWISS GUARDS IN ROUGH WEATHER

Caricature from La Ménagerie Royale

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the mob. It did not turn up, however, and it was not until the disorder had gained the upper hand in a populous quarter that the authorities took measures which would have been an act of foresight a day sooner, but was in fact nothing but a horrible massacre. . . . It was noticed that the loudest shrieks came from men wearing a particular costume: a kitchen jacket and a white cotton cap. . . . This sort of uniform was always respected by the police. . . . Could anyone forbid us to ponder these things and to pass judgment . . . ? No.

Barricades had been erected in the streets. Being anxious to have news of the situation, my brother left the house to find out for himself. He was then living in the Rue de Clichy. He went as far as the Rue St. Martin and came back very much alarmed. He was struck by the faces of the people who were going about shouting: "*Down with the Ministers! down with the Jesuits . . . !*" They were obviously people who had been hired. What was to be the outcome of such an odious measure . . . ?

Barricades had been erected in the Grand Cerf passage and in front of the church of St. Leu. . . . When the troops got there, instead of halting and giving out three times, in the name of the law, the order to disperse, they went to the Place du Châtelet. . . . It is unfortunate that General Coutard was not in Paris during those disastrous days. I am too candid not to be deeply pained by the conduct of General M., for, the barricades being abandoned, fifty men could have taken them without firing a shot. Meanwhile, some gendarmes and soldiers attacked a number of unarmed

men. Their womenfolk were knocked down by the cavalry, who were charging up the small side streets off the Rue St. Denis, where the peaceful folk had taken refuge. There was certainly no need to fight unarmed men, women and children . . . but at first there was nobody there. . . . At last General M. placed himself at the head of his staff and I don't know how many battalions, and, with the intention of *subduing* the Rue St. Denis, dashed into it in the midst of his troops to lay low the enemy.

Then it was that resistance was offered, a resistance that was brought about by stupidity and treachery. The peaceful inhabitants of the Rue St. Denis were annoyed when they saw that in spite of their peacefulness, it was not considered enough that they should obey the orders of the moment, and that the innocent were bunched with the guilty, the latter, moreover, imaginary. So they took up their defence and blood began to flow . . . !

There are some names which I should like to forget, but I am too French to have no memory for that occasion. A colonel of the staff, M. de D—e, brought up several columns of troops, having with him a commissioner of police, to whom no attention was paid. Captain Boin—e, who was in command of the troops, gave the order to fire before the commissioner of police could say anything. The barricade was taken, but not without bloodshed . . . !

Great excitement, or rather a just indignation, reigned throughout Paris, and threatened to become more serious. The newly-elected members went to the President of the Council to put before him the real

state of the city, which perhaps he did not know. . . . A good deal was said, but no attention was paid to it. Artillery and cannon were brought out and paraded about Paris, but the people arrested in the Place Vendôme the previous evening were set free. So what happened on the second day . . . ? Worse evils than the day before. The stain of blood had to be big enough to be seen from the farthest provinces, so that they might tremble when they heard what punishment had overtaken the Liberal party that had dared to show itself hostile and even indocile . . . ! The second day was carried out with the same rules as on the previous day. In the evening, stones began to be thrown at windows. But who were the throwers? Once again the men *with the cap and jacket!* By whom were they directed? By men who did not even conceal themselves. All these were assisted by thousands of *mouchards* or any other nicer name you care to give them . . . only give them a name that nobody is likely to take, lest in the surprise there should be a deep blemish . . . !

As far as I remember, it was M. Delaveau who had the misfortune to be head of the police at the time. "Is it possible to imagine," my brother said to me, "that in such an alarming riot, if it was a real one, the head of the police should fail to go to the spot in person, and that he should take no steps to have everything connected with the tragedy removed . . . ! "On the contrary, everything was allowed to remain, woodwork, beams and even the stones . . . ! In fact, the same material was ready for the same arms . . . ! Hence the rioters *calmly* re-erected the barricade in the Rue de St. Denis—I believe it was that of Le Grand

Cerf—and it was only at eleven o'clock in the evening that the soldiers appeared on the scene. This time they were accompanied by two police commissioners, who bravely ordered the soldiers to open fire. . . . The officers, who saw what was happening before their eyes, had the courage to refuse . . . ! Their names are written in everlasting memory: one was called Des Orties, the other was Captain Dabadine. Their reply is as fine as their conduct leads one to expect: " I will never exchange bullets against pebbles," said M. Dabadine.

" I am not here to receive orders for death from you," said M. Des Orties. " If it was for a mercy, I would obey you, but for such an order, never . . . !"

And Colonel Fitz-James . . . ! the unhappy man . . . ! Was it a sort of dizziness that took hold of the men who were dragging the monarchy into ruin by taking so blindly a course that was leading them to their downfall with dishonour . . . ? Colonel Fitz-James was *mistaken :* he *thought* that his regiment had been fired at . . . he shouted: " *Fire* " . . . ! Some corpses fell to the ground. There were women among them . . . an old man. . . . And in the hands of those bodies, which Frenchmen had struck down, no trace was ever found of a gun or any arm whatsoever. . . . How many victims . . . ! and yet they were innocent . . . ! quite innocent . . . ! Who, then, shall be punished for the order given by lips that should have remained silent and which, in usurping power, should not have taken it except to do mercy and not to slay . . . ? Who, then, shall be punished . . . ? Heaven is the tribunal . . . ! Heaven is the judge . . . !

Such was the end of that atrocious *ruse*, bespattered with blood and resting on dead bodies . . . ! But the truth was known, and filled the country with detestation . . . ! It was then that the downfall of M. de Villèle really began. Hitherto it had been expected, now it became certain. . . . If the Ministry over which he presided was innocent of that odious plot, if its infernal course was not started by the Ministry's culpable finesse, at least it cannot deny that it was willing to take advantage of it. . . . *Revolutionary revolt . . . ! terrorist insurrection . . . !* and the poor wretches were shot down, though they had only *pebbles*, not even stones, in their hands . . . ! And it all came out of an amusement . . . ! an illumination . . . ! It is a real fact! One must pause a little to take breath. . . .

Not long before, the King had made a journey, which had given rise to a good deal of speculation. He had visited the camp at St. Omer, where an attempt was made to get him to make a little counter-revolution. He was to have been backed up by the 17 or 18,000 men who formed the camp, and then he was to abolish the Charter and re-establish the *parlements* and everything associated with Absolutism. It is alleged that Charles X was ignorant of the plot, but it is a fact that when the King left Paris for the camp, it was almost settled that the plot should be carried out. It was then discovered that the troops were hostile and would not be won over with metaphysical reasons; they recognised the Charter, and wished to keep it. So Charles X returned to Paris without anything having been attempted. This was before the unhappy events of November.

M. de Villèle's downfall was inevitable, and entailed much evil for all of us. Fear was in the air. Money was scarce and people dreaded an upheaval. They were not altogether so wrong! M. de Villèle affected an unconcern, which he in no way felt. His laughter had a constraint which was very pitiful to those who knew they were listening to an ambitious minister in his last throes. It is a lesson for those who try to play at that terrible game . . . ! A lesson, indeed! But is ambition likely to learn by it? Of course not. It's like Love: all the experience of past sufferings, all that usually acts as a preservative in any other shortcoming, has no effect in this case except to drag you into further mistakes.

Before leaving the Ministry, M. de Villèle tried his utmost to keep his position. He did everything that was humanly possible, especially with regard to the Liberals, but they were as inflexible as the Bigots. The Liberals smiled when listening to the *concessions* that M. de Villèle *was willing* to grant.

The end of these negotiations was an affair in which M. de Villèle mystified M. Laffitte, and M. Laffite mystified M. de Villèle. Mixed up with the affair, which was in no way creditable, was the name of a man, who was gravely compromised, and M. F—, thinking he could rely on the word of such eminent men, discovered that he was just a pawn in a game to which the other two held the clue. What was it? In my opinion, neither of them knew. Affairs had reached such a point of obscurity that it was impossible to see anything clear in the conduct of the President of the Council, no matter from which side it was viewed.

CASIMIR PÉRIER

Medallion by David d'Angers

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How they must have laughed at us abroad . . . ! Especially Lord Wellington, who was waiting for the moment to give Prince de Polignac to Charles X, who wanted nothing better, while France did not want him at all. Having regained a shadow of power in England since the death of Canning, the cleverest statesman next to Prince von Metternich, Lord Wellington was well placed for the purposes of observation. The moment was propitious. Never before had France been in such a state!

Finding his advances to the Liberals rejected, M. de Villèle thought of putting a man of his choice in his place for the time being in order that he might keep it for him and weather the storm. The composing of the new Ministry was a very important business. M. de Villèle looked upon his retirement as temporary, and wished to fill the posts only with puppets of his own, like a man who sends his valet to reserve a stall for him at a first performance. Thus he proposed M. de Forbin-Janson for the Ministry of Public Worship, M. de Vatimesnil as Keeper of the Seals, M. d'Ambrugeac as Minister for War and M. de Rayneval as Minister for Foreign affairs, etc.

His efforts were in vain. The shipwreck of M. de Villèle had to be complete, and so it was.

Archbishop de Latil, who did not like him, could not forgive him for having called M. de Janson to the Ministry before him. He was an enemy who did not bear a grudge for nothing.

Everything around M. de Villèle collapsed, and he was thrown upon himself for support. That wasn't much! He is known to have been very weak.

The King, however, was the most embarrassed. Nobody would accept the Ministry. The storm was already rumbling and everybody was afraid, wondering what was going to be the result of this last Ministerial catastrophe. The country waited in fear. At last, M. de Chabrol, the only minister whom the others did not reject, (because he was a zero), proposed a list to the King. He managed to create a precedent, since those whom he spoke to the King about would have nothing to do with the Ministry. M. de Pastoret refused the Seals; M. Pasquier refused the Foreign Affairs. The Council room was like a room infected with the pest. . . . Finally the Ministry was formed with M. de La Ferronnays, the most capable and virtuous, M. Roy, M. de Chabrol, M. Portalis, and M. Decaux as Minister for War. Once the Ministry was complete, the others resigned. The Bishop of Hermopolis remained; so did M. de Chablis. But that was not all: M. de Chabrol was obliged to leave his place: it was against all sense that a colleague of the disbanded ministers should still remain. The Bishop of Hermopolis followed him. They themselves gave in their resignation a few weeks later.

M. de Martignac became Minister for Home Affairs. He owed his advancement to the former President of the Council, and in appearance was *Villèle all over* from head to foot. I believe he thought so too at the time. A friend to M. de Villèle in those days was M. de Montbel, a fine and noble character. The new Ministry was installed and ready to function before people could believe it had been nominated.

M. de Martignac himself was never quite certain

VATIMESNIL

MINISTER OF PUBLIC EDUCATION IN THE MARTIGNAC CABINET

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regarding his place in the opinion of the Court. He had good manners, too good perhaps, and yet he was never liked at the Château. The Duchess of Angoulême, who had seen him at Bordeaux, had had practical proof of his Royalism, and knew him to be frank and loyal; yet in spite of all these recommendations, M. de Martignac was not suitable *as a man*. There is something very attractive and very repulsive in the word *suitable:* it says everything; anyhow, the disappointments were reciprocal and M. de Villèle had a moment of joy in witnessing the desperate stupefaction of M. de Polignac who was hoping for his immediate triumph. There was nothing of the sort. The comical part is, that it was the Montrouge party that got caught; which is not the habit of those gentlemen!

So we then had a Vicomte de Bordeaux, just as we had had a Comte de Toulouse. They were very sharp-witted, very subtle, very astute, and both played their game with all the cunning of cats, though none too careful about keeping in their claws, I believe.

M. de Villèle had a claw pretty deep in his heart, though it was not yet that of M. de Martignac; the mellifluous, gilded tongue of *la Malibran parlementaire* had laid to rest all the political sufferings of the unhappy Count, who was very far from realising that his consoler was hankering after his place. M. de Villèle would have sooner doubted himself than M. de Martignac! Besides, M. de Martignac had a cunning unlike that of any other statesman before him: he sacrificed his vanities and *amour propre* for the sake of any manœuvre that would carry him a point farther towards his goal. No doubt it is lucky to be like that! Therein lies

the whole secret of lucky people, and, I might say, the whole life of a statesman or man of the world. The Ministerial vessel was no sooner afloat than it received a hard blow. This was the nomination of the Chairman of the House of Parliament. The competitors were men of note in all the parties. MM. Ravez, La Bourdonnaie, Royer-Collard, Casimir Périer, and a M. Gauthier. The voting lasted several days. M. Hyde de Neuville also had a number of votes; the Palace wanted him. As for M. de La Bourdonnaie, a friend of mine who was at the Palace every day told me that the King wanted neither M. de Chateaubriand in the Ministry nor M. de La Bourdonnaie.

"For what reason?" my friend asked. "They are both so devoted to your Majesty!"

"Oh! certainly, very devoted, I'm sure . . . ! But what can I do with men who terrify me, the one with his wits and the other with the violence of his devotedness? No! no! as long as I live, neither of them shall have a place in my Council!"

M. de La Bourdonnaie was never aware of this, I believe. He would have been very much grieved, if he had; but it is the simple truth. He was not nominated in Parliament. The post was given to Royer-Collard. The Court was alarmed, but its fear differed from that of M. de La Bourdonnaie. His was altogether another matter, and caused him so great a dread that in my superstition as a Southerner I could only look upon it as a presentiment of his approaching misfortune.

As for M. de Chateaubriand, whose genius frightened one of our Kings and made the other jealous, he was removed a third time, and sent on an embassy to Rome.

M. de Martignac was not yet possessed of the credit which he was to enjoy later on, but he had sufficient to get rid of M. de Chateaubriand. I do not know whether M. de Chateaubriand is aware that his departure for Rome was the work of M. de Martignac. M. de Chateaubriand behaved admirably on that occasion. He set out for Rome with a cold and haughty dignity, for he is never otherwise than very dignified in every way.

* * * * *

Everybody was dying—but it seemed to me that everybody was dying rather quickly. We had made a Pope in 1825, and behold, Leo XII dies. Yet another conclave, more intrigues, more disturbances . . . ! On the last occasion Austria had vetoed Cardinal Gonzalvi, but this time he was dead. Austria used its influence, however, to secure the election of the present pope, who is quite Austrian. He is the son of a baker, rather gay-tempered, plays all the games, and amuses himself like a child.

In France we were bothered with a host of conflicting interests. . . . The storms of 1830 were drawing near, yet nobody seemed to hear the rumbling of the thunder. It was like being in the famous town, whose inhabitants refused to believe in any danger announced by the omens or foretold by the prophets! M. de Martignac wrote verses and had readings in his drawing-room; he was indeed as M. de Talleyrand described him, *la Malibran du Conseil* . . . M. de La Ferronnays, who was almost the only man of feeling and honour in the Ministry, fainted in the King's study one day. It was January 1, 1828, when he had gone to pay his

respects to the King. He suddenly felt faint and wanted to go out, but before he could do so, he fell down senseless in the King's presence. He was carried home. He regained consciousness, but it was impossible for him to remain in the Ministry. His resignation meant that another good man was removed from the Ministry that governed us. Everything was making headway towards ruin. The Council was getting more and more disorganised, and everything else was doing the same.

Life in Paris was odious. I had returned to town and was able to see the great change in society. There were no more gatherings round tables except to gamble, nor any gatherings in salons except to talk politics. Mme. Récamier had escaped the contagion; but what were a few salons in the midst of all that turmoil? An oasis in a wilderness, all the more precious on that account, and that was all. We were no longer anything but women without power, queens without realms, not even able to command for fear of being disobeyed.

M. de Martignac accompanied the King on his visit to Alsace, and played up to him in every possible manner. The King, however, remained cold. M. de Martignac complained to a woman friend, who told the King the same day.

The King smiled! "What does M. de Martignac expect of me? I am as attentive to him as I can be."

"But if Your Majesty deigned to be a little more friendly . . . I beg you to pardon me for using the word . . . I feel it is against the rules on my part, but you will deign to understand me."

Charles X was kindness itself. He replied with a smile: "Yes, yes, no doubt, I understand you, and I

THE WALTZ

Lithograph by Gavarni

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also understand the usefulness of doing what you say . . . but I must confess that while M. de Martignac seems to me to be a very superior man, he has a manner which, to say the least, is not very agreeable to me. He is vulgar, like a successful man in the provinces. I am sure M. de Martignac made and sang couplets at table, gave bouquets, organised *surprises*, and made puns. Anyhow, I like him and will show him so; I should be annoyed if he believed I was against him."

This conversation was immediately reported to me, and I laughed very much with the person who told me, because it was all quite true, and Charles X was in no error regarding M. de Martignac. He was a *beau de province*. The oddest thing of all was that this maker of bouquets to Chloris was very intimate with M. de Portalis, the Jansenist of the Council.

I have already said that death was striking its blows unceasingly. This year it deprived society of a woman whose place could never be filled. She was the Duchess de Duras. I often met her at the house of Madame de Caseaux shortly after her marriage. She was not only a pleasant society woman but also kind-hearted and passionate, with a capacity for love, which, though it may have been her misfortune, was a boon to those whose hearts she filled with the treasures of her own. She had a very superior mind, as is well known. She resembled Mme. de Staël in her facility for discoursing on every subject. Her conversation was natural and charming, and had the expansiveness which was a feature of everything she did. She had no hate; she did not even know how to hate. I am acquainted with a person who caused her much sorrow. If that person

had been willing, she could have softened the Duchess's sufferings, but she did not do so. Far from bearing her any ill-will, the Duchess was always like an angel to her; she was as a shield to her against the attacks of slander. With all the authority of a great and noble lady, she took up the defence of the absent person, and with a firm voice which was also not without emotion, perhaps on acccount of a painful memory aroused in her mind, she defended the accused woman and declared that she would consider herself offended if anything further was repeated regarding that person. With the latter I was not then acquainted; I listened to the Duchess's words, and my eyes filled with tears as I realised how superior she was in heart as well as in mind. Her writings showed good taste, purity and delicacy. *Ourika* and two or three other novels from her pen was every bit as perfect as *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, because the feeling is not without intelligence, and the intelligence is not without feeling. The Duchess de Duras' death was deeply regretted, and rightly so. I did not see her after the Restoration, being kept in retirement by the misfortunes of my own little revolution, but I followed her career with interest, and felt very sorry when she was gone.

Political affairs had become so grave that it will be necessary to talk of nothing else. We must deal first of all with the catastrophe that preceded the final one . . . the arrival of Prince de Polignac. Before that time, M. de Martignac had long been the dupe and plaything (how astonishing!) of a couple of men, who were less intelligent than he but more cunning, which is a very difficult thing. I refer to M. de Montbel

and M. de La Bourdonnaie. The last scene in Parliament in connexion with the Conseils d'Arrondissements was the final blow for M. de Martignac. I went to the chamber to listen to the discussion, that is to say, to listen to *him*, for he spoke with indescribable charm. It was the swan's song . . . ! He had a gentle but undistinguished appearance, as Charles X objected to in him; and the disease already gaining on him gave him a touching expression, which was in striking contrast with the appearance of M. Royer-Collard, with his peculiar face and his wig pulled forward almost to the tip of his nose; which, in view of the colour of his wig, which he might have chosen a little less ardent, gave him almost a Jewish look. M. Royer-Collard had a style of his own, which, however, did not hinder him from being quite a respectable man in every regard; only he wore his wig like nobody else. . . . It was worth while seeing him enter Parliament with his hands behind his back, followed, surrounded, preceded by ushers and secretaries, by his Court as it were, which he found connected with his post.

I felt very sorry that day to see M. de Martignac forsaken by all his allies. He was overwhelmed, and suffered both physically and morally. His suffering seemed unbearable when the amendment to the Bill was being discussed. The *entire* Right maintained a silence that was quite imposing, but rather painful when one realised the state of poor M. de Martignac's health and that his Bill was his darling child. Moreover, it proved that his credit was gone and that he was done with—for what is a Minister without credit?

He looked towards the Right; M. de Conny remained engulfed in silence . . . M. de Martignac cast him a look of appeal; M. de Conny looked away. I have never liked the way M. de Conny left him in the lurch. The proposed amendment, that is to say, the mutilation of the Bill, was in the hands of men who spoke with amazing vigour and obvious conviction. I do not remember the name of the deputy who spoke in favour of the amendment, but he was an orator, a fine speaker, not a bit timid. All this went on in front of M. de Martignac, who downcast, discouraged and with no resources at hand, since he was forsaken by those who the previous day had promised him that the amendment should be rejected. I felt very sorry for him. I recalled how he had been described as *la Malibran de la Chambre*. I no longer saw in him the deficiencies with which he had been reproached; I saw a man whose look was almost one of appeal, a heart-breaking expression, that is the right word. I shall never forget that morning, especially M. de Martignac's expression as he asked M. de Montbel and M. de La Bourdonnaie to keep what they had practically promised him the day before. Everybody was listening, looking. . . . One's feelings are usually deeply stirred at the first performance; but I confess I was never so deeply stirred as at the sight of the drama going on before me. At last M. Royer-Collard rang the hand-bell, and said that those who were to speak for the rejection of the amendment should stand up.

M. de Martignac cast a compelling look in the direction of M. de La Bourdonnaie, who sat in the midst of his friends on the benches of the Right and

VISCOUNT DE MARTIGNAC
MINISTER FOR HOME AFFAIRS

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made neither sign nor motion. . . . There was even something hard in the look he directed toward his victim; I use this expression because I am convinced that irreparable harm was done to M. de Martignac's already failing health on this occasion. In the end the amendment was declared carried in the midst of frenzied shouts of joy from the Right. M. de La Bourdonnaie, M. de Conny, and all the extremists were as radiant as the Minister was downcast. His position was made all the more painful by the fact that every eye was turned upon him. Suddenly I wanted to have another look at him, after having lost sight of him for a moment; I could no longer see him. I thought at first that he might have been taken ill, but it appears that he had gone to the Palace.

"I really believe he has gone to draft his resignation," said a person who was very influential in the Court party and disliked M. de Martignac, because the latter was not an extremist possessed with the mania of extremism. Everyone was waiting in a state of great excitement. I was about to leave, when the door opened and M. de Martignac entered the hall looking perfectly calm, and as a Minister of the King of France should look on such a grave occasion. He held in his hand a paper folded in four. He looked around at the Assembly in a manner that was both self-confident and dignified in its triumph. . . . He went up into the tribune, which was occupied by a deputy. . . . He unfolded the paper and read out in a slow, high, sonorous voice:

"We, Charles X, King of France and Navarre, etc. . . . We have commanded and command as follows:

The Bill respecting the organisation of communes and departments is withdrawn. . . ."

It is impossible to describe the effect of these few words! The Liberals realised that they had done nothing to hinder the fate of a Ministry such as they could no longer hope for. The deputies of the Left rushed towards M. de Martignac and loaded him with reproaches; General Lamarque himself wished to speak to him. M. de Martignac's only reply was a look! but how eloquent! It was a perfect speech, at least so I interpreted it. . . . M. de Martignac quietly withdrew, taking with him all the honours of the sitting notwithstanding the withdrawal of the Bill. But his downfall was accomplished, and that was what the extremists wanted.

"What a drama!" I said to my brother who gave me his arm as we were passing through the Tuileries. "What a drama . . . ! And we have the presumption to dare to make a drama with a pen and a piece of paper . . . !"

It was in the midst of this tumult that M. de Chateaubriand arrived in Paris; Prince de Polignac was expected: what was to be the outcome? Matters had reached a dangerous pitch, and there was only room for fear without hope. Everybody was weary. People blamed one another. They had their party, and yet they forsook it as soon as the weather grew stormy. What can be done with men of weak character, who leave you in the lurch as soon as the storm breaks out?

M. de Chateaubriand had his work, *Moise*, read by Lafont at Mme. Recamier's. An indisposition prevented me from being present; but I know that it is

an admirable work, a poetic harmony with grandeur of subject and purity of action . . . and at the same time full of interest; in fact, everything that makes a fine work. But perhaps his success in poetry was harmful to his success in politics, and I thought of Charles X's remark: "He will never be a Minister as long as I live."

As for M. de Polignac, he did not come to Paris in order to get a poem like *Moise* performed, but to doctor a severe cold which made him cough like a consumptive. He was obviously neither poet nor politician, but a very crafty man! Archbishop de Latil was there to take charge of him, and well he did so!

One of M. de La Bourdonnaie's happiest moments was when he came to an agreement with Prince de Polignac. If ever he thought he was holding a ministry, it was when he was in agreement with England's favourite. . . . It was not for a man like him to have any misgivings on that account; quite the opposite . . . ! The critical moment was drawing near.

While so many serious matters affecting the fate of the monarchy were looming on the horizon, part of the Court was leading a life as though France was being ruled by Louis XIV at the most brilliant moment of his reign. The Duchess of Berry, a real princess of France, gave balls at her house every week, and to tell the truth, Paris did not fare badly on that account. The workers had work, and trade was regaining confidence. Such was the result of that way of ruling life with a bouquet of roses. The Duchess of Berry loved

pleasure like a true descendant of Henri IV. On the other hand she gave public proof after her misfortune that, like him, she knew how to face danger.

It had been said at Court that Versailles held anti-royalist views, and that the Notre Dame quarter might have a disastrous influence in the elections, of which the Government was uncertain. In view of this report, it was decided to send the Duchess of Berry to Versailles that she might win as many hearts for the King as she could, and soften somewhat the Liberal temper of the inhabitants of Versailles.

It should be known that we had at Versailles in those days the most excellent Prefect I have ever known to occupy the prefectoral chair. This was Count de Tocqueville, a man of distinguished birth, charming personality and perfect polish. M. de Tocqueville carried out his functions at the Prefecture with perfect tact, which should have sufficed and dispensed him from being given an auxiliary, whatever the quality of the latter. But it was thought something wonderful was being done by sending the Duchess of Berry and recommending her to win the Liberal faubourg to the King's cause. It is probable, however, that the matter was badly explained, and that the Duchess of Berry thought she had to deal with the St. Louis quarter in order to gain it for the cause. In spite of M. de Tocqueville's care to see that all the invited persons were looked after in a perfectly equal manner, it was obvious all through the evening that the Duchess of Berry was being tactlessly ungracious, except for the persons who had been recommended to her by her attendants, who, having friends and relations in the

MADAME RÉCAMIER

Medallion by David d'Angers

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St. Louis quarter, surrounded the princess with a few families only, and thus prevented the richest notables of the town from approaching her. In this way the susceptibilities of many persons were wounded. . . . Alas! that is what the Restoration was doing every day!

The Versailles ball, given by the Prefect in honour of the Duchess, not only did not accomplish what had been hoped for, but produced the opposite effect. The Duchess arrived at about nine o'clock and danced the whole night long, but only with persons whose political opinions were known to be pure. Then she supped with her *chosen ones*, went back and danced with them, and returned to Paris at daybreak, at five o'clock in the morning. The weather was glorious; we were in the month of August. The result of the ball at which the susceptibilities of so many people had been wounded, was to increase the bad spirit of the anti-royalist quarter, and augment in a corresponding degree the mutual hatred of the two parties. M. de Tocqueville's wise efforts to destroy these unhappy dissensions were rendered fruitless, for the parties were once again looking at each other like cockerels ready to tear each other to pieces. This proves that the Restoration, that is to say, those who surrounded the Royal Family, were those who did most harm to its cause. We shall see the truth of this demonstrated more and more as we advance.

A very strange affair, which occurred a few years before the days we have been reviewing, was the death of the Duke Decrès, brother-in-law of the Duke of Albufera. This man's rough temper and unpleasant

character had gained for him the detestation of the entire French fleet, while he was not particularly feared by the English fleet. To the great astonishment of all who knew him, he had taken a wife in order to help him put up with the bad temper that made him so disagreeable. Everyone was astonished. But as the Duke Decrès was one of those persons who excite no interest except as far as concerns the decisive moments of their life, nobody was otherwise disturbed at seeing him marry the Duchess of San-Germano, widow of General Saligny, attached to the court of Joseph at Naples.

The Duchess of San-Germano was Joseph's niece by her father, M. Danthoine. Her sister was the wife of Maréchal Suchet.

Though she was not four feet high, she was big enough to know what sort of bear she had to deal with; so nobody pitied her, still less felt any trouble on her account.

But the marriage was of great importance to a valet who had long been in the Duke's service. The Duke had had him at first as a child aboard his ship, but the boy had grown up and become sufficiently powerful in the house to exercise some measure of authority. It is easy to understand how the man must have taken his master's marriage! Violent scenes are said to have occurred, but they were of no avail, for the Duke appears to have grown weary of the yoke. One gets tired of everything in this world. . . . Nevertheless things were patched up again after these outbursts, and that was how life went on in the Decrès establishment.

At last one day the Duke had a violent altercation with the man, after which the Duke spoke of turning

A BALL AT LA CHAUSSÉE D'ANTIN

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him out of his house; but the threat was as painful to the one as to the other. There was some shedding of tears, and the valet remained. But he realised that his reign was at an end and would never return. He was overwhelmed with despair, and conceived an unthinkable means for getting his revenge. . . . Perhaps, however, he may have desired to die with his master. . . . With great difficulty he made a hole in the ceiling of his master's bedroom, passed a string through the opening, and put under the Duke's bed a number of fuses, Roman candles of enormous calibre and a whole arsenal of deadly fireworks, to which he added a large dose of gunpowder. The string was hidden by the bed-curtains, and his apparatus was in no way visible. The string was destined to set fire to it by means of a cork pulled from a small bottle of phosphorus. . . . One day, after a good deal of hesitation—for the man loved his master—having received from the Duke one of his usual setbacks, which the valet now took more deeply to heart, he went back to his room, pulled the string, and the unfortunate Duke Decrès blew into the air like a big grenade, and fell into the middle of the room, still lying on his mattress. Fortunately the dose of powder had been badly combined, and was not strong enough to accomplish the murder!

The terrible noise and shaking of the house brought the domestics to the Duke's room, where he was discovered unconscious, lying in the midst of the débris of the explosion and broken furniture. At the sight of the disaster, the valet was called to his master's aid, but did not answer. After a search, he also was

discovered unconscious. Finding his plot had failed, the unhappy fellow had thrown himself out of the window and was dashed on the pavement of the kitchen yard, where he broke his back without dying at once. Neither did the Duke die at once; I believe he lived nine or ten days.

The moral of this story is that you ought not to have valets so much attached to your person. Their devotedness ought to allow you to take a wife whenever it suits your convenience.

* * * * *

I have already spoken of the sitting of the Chamber on April 8. From that day it must have been obvious to M. de Martignac that he would not remain in the Ministry. Couriers went to and fro the road to London and the name of M. de Polignac was pronounced with a sigh of relief by the King. . . . It may give some idea of the courage of the attacks and the quality of the attackers to mention that M. de Portalis, who held four or five ministerial posts, including that of Foreign Affairs, thought of refusing the permit which Prince de Polignac had requested in order to come to Paris . . . ! When M. de Polignac heard of this bold stroke of his adversary, he exclaimed: "Oh, well! I should have come to Paris without a permit. . . . "

It is evident that they had reached the point of determination!

M. de Polignac arrived in Paris a few days before the final sitting of the Chambers. Lord Wellington wished to have him as Minister in France, and he had to be accepted. To be or not to be Minister was not

CARDINAL DE LATIL AND CHARLES X

Contemporary caricature

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the question that was troubling M. de Polignac, but how to come to an agreement with M. de La Bourdonnaie. Efforts in this direction had been made during the twelve months in which the intrigues to bring in Prince de Polignac had been carried on, and M. de La Bourdonnaie was quite ready to show his good will.

The result of this intimate friendship was seen in the composition of the Ministry which was somewhat more bizarre than if they had been opposed to each other. M. de Courvoisier was made Keeper of the Seals; M. de Rigny was appointed to the Admiralty; M. de Bourmont was Minister for War; M. de Chabrol, on the refusal of M. Roy, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, M. de Montbel was Minister for Education and M. de La Bourdonnaie Minister of the Interior.

About the same time, we were given *William Tell*, by Rossini, who was king of the realm of harmony, where he reigned without ministers or troubles. . . . A cry of admiration immediately arose before that monument of glory constructed by the king of music on the soil of France.

There are times when appoaching troubles are announced by dull rumours, which grow more and more threatening under one's footsteps without giving any hint as to where the danger will come from. Particularly in a time of revolution one feels the resemblance between the ground on which one is walking and the mined soil of Vesuvius; and for half a century France had served a sad apprenticeship in that science, which should at least have taught her the habit of danger.

On August 8, 1829, Paris was disturbed by undercurrents that presaged great events. People were fearful about the future and yet nobody knew anything. One knew what was to be lost, but could one rely on getting anything . . . ? Securities were going down, and yet the names of the Ministers were known.

There was great joy, however, among the reactionaries. Their transports were even lacking in dignity, for they embraced one another though unacquainted, provided they declared they belonged to the same party . . . ! What a good subject for study for an impartial witness! What reflections, what comments could be made at the sight of the new people filling the ministries, which for the last fifteen years had seen the coming and going of more than fifteen ministers of so many opinions and so many forms! What a nation we are! and yet we are a great and glorious one . . . ! But might it not be only a fine country and not a *nation ?*

The discussions regarding the new ministers were endless. People were wondering above all who was a M. Bourdeau who was discovered sprawled out right across the ordinances appointing the Ministry, and was known to nobody, unless it was his father and mother, who were likewise unknown to anybody. "Oh, that's the chancellor," somebody exclaimed.—"Go to!" . . . "Yes, really." And so it was.

The time had now arrived when the priest-party became dominant. After working so long in the dark, that party, now free and proud of its force, came out arrogantly into the open with its head raised high. Here is an instance. There are several versions of the anecdote. This is mine:

On August 9, M. de Martignac was at luncheon, when he was informed that there were two persons in the courtyard of the ministry. They had arrived on a calèche, and as soon as they had alighted, the master of the carriage had had it put into the shed and his horses taken to the stables. . . . M. de Martignac smiled and asked what was the colour of the coachmen's livery. His valet told him. . . . He smiled again. Noticing his wife's anxious look, he told her not to be uneasy, and continuing his inquiry, asked what the master of the calèche looked like.

"I cannot tell which is the master, sir. . . . But, wait a bit. . . . I believe it is the rather tall one. He is good looking, with a pleasant, pale face. He always walks ahead of the other two, for a third man has arrived. He is much older than the two first, and always remains behind. Perhaps he is unable to walk. As for the second, he is ugly, and shouts like somebody deaf. . . ."

From the valet's description, Mme. de Martignac recognised, as did also her husband, the three ministers appointed the previous evening, and fearing lest her husband might show more temper than prudence, rose hastily and went to him.

"Mon ami!" she said to him.

"Well! What are you afraid of? That I shall lose my temper?" He shrugged his shoulders with a smile of contempt. "Really, it is not worth while! and besides, the game they're playing me is too obvious. . . . Jean," he added, turning to the manservant, "go down at once and tell these gentlemen on my part that if I were not unavoidably occupied, I would have done

them the honours of the Ministry house myself, and that I specially notify M. de La Bourdonnaie that I shall have left the ministry this very evening. . . . Anyhow," he went on, addressing a friend who happened to be present, "one ought not to find fault with M. de La Bourdonnaie's hurry to come and occupy the ministry. . . . The house is a fine one, and when one is going to keep it so short a time, one can't afford to lose a day. . . ."

M. de Martignac had the right kind of wit to make him rather dangerous in such circumstances. However, his behaviour in 1830 was worthy of admiration, and above all criticism.

There was something rather comical in the disunion, if one may call it so, which occurred between M. de La Bourdonnaie and M. de Polignac as soon as they were in office. . . . M. de La Bourdonnaie had only one method, and would hear of no other, namely, executive rigour and severity. He seemed to say to himself at the sight of the ministry to which he had so long aspired: "Here I am . . . and here I'll stay!"

But he had chosen the wrong means for that purpose, and those who had a grudge against him did not overlook any of his mistakes. In 1815 he had made an unfortunate speech demanding the proscription of several persons, among whom were all those who had occupied any post during the Hundred Days. I doubt whether any different language was used during the 1793 régime in formulating a demand for heads to be proscribed . . . ! If the opponents of the Restoration in 1815 got hold of a former speech of M. de Vaublanc in order to make fun of him and pick

M. DE POLIGNAC

Portrait painted at Vincennes

To face p. [illegible]

him to pieces, it is easy to imagine what a precious mine the Liberal newspapers found in M. de La Bourdonnaie's speech! But nothing was more likely to bring about his downfall almost as soon as he was in office, than his amazing proposal to dismiss the *whole* administration of France. *Whole* was surely the right word, for he wished to displace *only three hundred mayors.*

It is only right to observe that M. de Polignac and the other ministers strongly opposed this measure. M. de Polignac exclaimed with great indignation:

"Monsieur . . . ! monsieur! do you want to bring back the Revolution?"

"Are you afraid of it as much as that?" asked M. de La Bourdonnaie ironically.

"I have no fear but the fear of blame," replied M. de Polignac with noble dignity.

"Yet you shy at a measure that will save France. The country is lost unless you consent to the removal from office. I have already drawn up the details of it. . . . But, I repeat, you are afraid of revolution."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed M. de Polignac in exasperation. "I tell you again, I am not afraid, either of revolution or of you . . . !"

M. de Polignac is an excellent man, but on that occasion he was beside himself. Being a pious man and a Christian in the conduct of life, he immediately regretted his violent temper, and went up to M. de Bourdonnaie with outstretched hand. I was told by one of the persons who were present, that M. de La Bourdonnaie was some time before he accepted the proffered hand. . . . From that day the animosity, which afterwards broke out between them, began to

reveal itself with ever-increasing power. M. de La Bourdonnaie affected to be a free-minded man, and not to be under the yoke of the priest-party. Judge how M. de Polignac and Archbishop de Latil got along with such a man . . . ! Imagine, above all, what anger they must have felt when, on the occasion of a *novena* of prayers to draw down the grace of Heaven upon the New Ministry, a Minister of the King refused to take part in it and did not show himself even once at the prayers . . . !

Eight days later, M. de La Bourdonnaie was removed from office.

One has no occasion either to regret or to rejoice over the fact. Had M. de La Bourdonnaie been in the Ministry at the time of the Ordinances, he would have made it his business not merely to support them but to make them still more ruthless.

Thus it was that M. de Polignac became the head of a Ministry, of which M. de Martignac had been the leading man. . . .

Such was the composition of the *Polignac Ministry* from August 8, 1829, till July 26, 1830. I say July 26, because the day on which the Ordinances were promulgated was also the date of the upbreak of the Ministry.

Once M. de La Bourdonnaie was gone, M. de Polignac remained *alone* to oppose all the Liberal deputies, such as Kératry, Royer-Collard, Benjamin Constant, Dupin, Laffitte, Lamarque, Casimir Périer and the terrible La Fayette! whose moral power acted like an army over the whole of France.

From that time on, the priest-party gained more and more power in the Government, and Archbishop de

Latil played with his cards on the table. From that time also there was a war, by no means courteous, but hostile and terrible in the consequences it foreshadowed.

Before leaving this period, which may be looked upon as the last of the Restoration before 1830, I must say a few words on one of the bitterest grievances laid to the charge of the Restoration, but of which I consider it to have been innocent. I refer to the indemnity granted to the Emigrés.

It was M. de Villèle who first presented it in 1825. It was a matter of great importance that had remained ten years in a state of suspense. I have never been able to understand why all who were against the Restoration were so bitterly opposed to the indemnity granted to the Emigrés. The victims of the Revolution, whether by exile, confiscation or any other cause, were despoiled of the property of their fathers, while part of them died of starvation beside the sheaves of corn reaped in their fields. The question of the *property of the Emigrés* and of the *National Properties* does not enter the subject. I will explain my views on this important matter at length.

The Emigration, of which so much has been said, which has been so much blamed, and which is in fact blameworthy, must be divided into several classes: those of 1789 and the following years. No doubt, the first emigration was a misfortune, but it was one of those misfortunes, perhaps, with which one is never reproached. It is like a mother whose child has burned itself and whom you reproach with having left it near the fire. But three-fourths of the later emigration were made up

of people who were fleeing from death, and could not remain in their châteaux, which were being set on fire, or in their houses where they were being sought for in order to be led to the scaffold! To flee was the only escape, and that is what they did. The right of ownership is a most sacred thing. Violate it, and all is lost. . . . My God! shall the instances always be of no use . . . ? Though misfortunes are still palpitating with reality and so near to us that we read their story written by ourselves who saw and shared them, yet all is as nought in our minds grown crusty with incredulity and fondness of ourselves. . . .

Anyhow, the question of the indemnities raised violent storms that were very detrimental to the Restoration. All this, together with the principal cause of trouble, made the position of the dynasty still more precarious than it had been when it returned in 1814, for it was evident to all intelligent persons that if the restored dynasty had to go into exile again, it would stay there indefinitely.

Often in accusing the entourage of the Royal Family, my mind is crossed by thoughts which I do not always express, because they seem to me too strong in their argument. Nevertheless here is a thought which comes to my mind at the present moment and which I set down here, as being in its right place.

Is it realised that none of the rooms at either of the Trianons, St. Cloud, the Tuileries or Versailles has a portrait of the martyred Queen Marie Antoinette . . . ? or of Louis XVI . . . ! It seems to me a very strange thing. . . . I am well aware that it is a dreadful subject to remember! But in places that are

COUNT DE LOBAN

COMMANDANT OF THE NATIONAL GUARD DURING THE JULY TROUBLES

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far from the eyes of the Duchess of Angoulême, far from where she dwells and moves about, is it not a duty for those who surround her . . . ? Moreover, the mausoleum of Queen Marie Antoinette, that beloved sovereign twice queen, with the double crown of royalty and martyrdom, had not even been started on in 1830, after sixteen years of the Restoration! And when, in 1823, M. Lafont d'Auxonne, a devoted royalist, published his *Memoirs on the Queen of France*, Louis XVIII, who was still living, made it quite clear that he did not like his sister-in-law. Probably he took umbrage at the praises of her in the book; consequently, the *Memoirs*, which contained only praises, were subjected to all sorts of persecutions. M. de Lavau, the prefect of police, ordered the notice-bills to be seized; the bill-posters were threatened with prison and M. Lafont d'Auxonne was summoned to the *private office* of the prefect, who treated him in an infamous manner . . . ! "He struck me!" said M. Lafont himself when he related this disreputable story.

In this way M. Lafont d'Auxonne, who was well acquainted with the Queen's gaolers and still sees at the present day the girl Rosalie who gave the Queen her last bowl of soup, in this way M. Lafont d'Auxonne unmasked the false confessors, and rectified several errors. There is something very odd in the whole adventure. . . . M. Lafont d'Auxonne is a man of honourable character; he was the truthful historian of a Queen, concerning whom there has been kept too long a silence, which is becoming almost criminal. She was accused, *but she was not guilty . . . !* Her only guilt was such as might attach to any woman who

is young, beautiful and the Sovereign of a great empire. But she was also another woman, a good mother, a generous and large-hearted wife, a worthy daughter of Maria Theresa. She deserved an historian.

M. Lafont d'Auxonne is the uncle of M. Ch. Lafont, author of *La Famille Moronval* and *Jaffier*, as well as many other plays. *La Famille Moronval*, which has drawn tears from the eyes of every mother, is a very remarkable work. I have seen it several times, and always with renewed delight. *Jaffier* is also a work of singular beauty. I am glad to think that the author is not yet twenty-five years of age. . . .

* * * * *

The Polignac Ministry went on with its work. On all sides reigned a storm-foreboding silence, which should have filled the Ministry with alarm, but merely lulled it into a fatal sense of security. Of all the eight Ministries in sixteen years under the Restoration, none had such extraordinary characteristics as the Polignac Ministry. Its ingenuousness was enough to make one shudder while its self-assurance was based on an obscurantism, which aroused indignation, because in 1830 such a thing was unpardonable. . . . Hence the Polignac Ministry found little sympathy in the days of disaster.

Ministerial changes are the scourge of empires. I am well aware that under a constitutional monarchy, ministers have to be changed; but they should be made entirely responsible, as in England, and the King should not meddle with anything! But such conditions demand clever ministers; and in fact, if we look into

history, we find weak and incompetent Kings only when the ministers were strong, while exceptional cases such as Le Fort in Russia and Sully under Henri IV are rare. In general, one finds Richelieu, Oxenstiern, Mazarin, Olivares and Cardinal De Lerme, Ximenes, Don Juan of Austria (the second, who was minister under Charles II), Pitt and his father, and a lot of other men, who directed the ruling power but did not share it. Napoleon had only heads of divisions and no ministers.

The consequences of ministerial changes are terrible. The causes are pretty numerous. The chief and worst are due, not to those who are ministers, but to those who would like to be in their place. And then the question of choosing a minister! It is like choosing a friend. You are charmed by his wit; you listen to him; he pleases you; you get attached to him, and in the end you find nothing but wit. Then you begin to quarrel, and each of you say the other has a bad character. For a minister it is quite another matter; it should be all the same whether he has any heart or not. I even believe that it is better for him not to have any at all. Speaking of the changing of ministers, M. de Chateaubriand expressed the matter very aptly when he said: "These frequent revolutions may indicate a defect of judgment in the Prince."

While we were disturbed by political fears at home, we were victorious abroad, our armies being triumphant in Algiers. M. de Bourmont set out for Africa, leaving his place in the Council, where he might have prevented a good many things on July 26 if he had retained it. In this world there are many grave things which can

be held up or prevented by trivial causes. Anyhow, our conquest of Algiers was not to England's liking. Ought not the King of France to avenge the insult inflicted on him in the person of his ambassador, who was struck with a fan . . . ? England spoke as though she were still in the days of Lord Chatham and his son . . . ! But those days were long ago! Her power has declined a good deal . . . ! She is to-day like one of those women who were beautiful once upon a time and who, fostering the belief that they still are, give their orders around them and think they can punish with a word and reward with a look. Those days are gone; let her speak politely and she will have an answer. But the hour of humiliations is past and the clock on which it used to strike, is stopped for ever.

1830 was already begun. I remarked that January 1 was a Friday. I am altogether a Southerner with regard to these superstitions, and I felt a sort of sadness. My persentiments were founded on a few ideas, not very important in themselves, but strong enough to cause uneasiness to anyone who cared to reason things out. Even *Le Conservateur*, in spite of its severe style, seemed to prophesy sinister events! In a letter published during the Villèle ministry, M. de Chateaubriand wrote: "I have a sacred duty to perform at the next assembly. With God's help I hope to have the courage to keep the oath I have taken as a good and loyal peer of France."

Thus was a danger hinted at from all quarters. And it was true. Egotism alone failed to realise it.

No work, however, caused so great a stir in the

THE MORNING WALK

Lithograph by Gavarni

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thinking world as an anonymous *Memoir to the King*, which was well written, though unreasonable in its conclusions, and aimed at asking the King to re-establish the *parlements* and all the former system of Absolutism.

There were more seeds of trouble in that Memoir than in the whole of what was printed in the Liberal newspapers, against which there was so much outcry. A search was made for the authors, and it turned out that M. de Bonald and M. de La Bourdonnaie had written three-fourths of the work. Here is, for instance, a sentence from the second part: "With the idea of becoming something out of nothing, the notorious Sieyès proclaimed at the time when the Revolution was about to issue fully armed from its dark hole: (1) that the Third Estate was *everything*; (2) that till then it had been *nothing*; (3) that it asked to be *something*. "There was as much falsehood as hypocrisy in this statement.

"The Third Estate had never been but a small part of society; it had always been under the Kings what it was able to be, *something*."

Imagine anyone in 1830 saying that the Third Estate was what it was able to be . . . *something!* Moreover, the word was underlined in the original!

The Memoir which ran into one hundred and twenty pages in quarto, was at least a most astonishing work for the epoch. It was written with intelligence; there was considerable talent in its presentment, and I do not think the authors needed to have recourse to other pens for corrections. It is obviously a work of deep conviction, and in that case one is always irresistibly eloquent.

The Polignac Ministry inspired no confidence whatever. The King's favour was practically the only answer to all that was being asked as to whether France had a minister. People said: "No, but the King has a favourite!"

The Royal Court of Paris had issued two orders which were unfortunate for the Court. When M. Séguier went to present the good wishes of the Court to the Dauphiness, that princess stepped aside and said to him:

"*Passez, messieurs!*"

These few words had a terrible effect. The vice-president said to M. de Rochemore:

"Must we register the reply of Madame la Dauphine, monsieur?"

Thus discontent was general. The whole Royal Family, including the Dauphiness, were in disgrace in the eyes of the French people . . . !

The Dauphiness was against the Ordinances, and would not hear a word about them. The question had been thoroughly ventilated, and her opinion was quite settled. This is a fact which France ought to know, yet pretends to ignore.

A man who was the murderer of the Bourbon dynasty, that is to say, of the elder branch, was Cardinal de Latil.

That man was a Jesuit in the deepest sense of the word, that is to say intrigue was his element. After backing M. de Polignac, he became jealous of him, and tried to bring about his downfall. But the edifice was built of lime and cement as far as the King was

GENERAL LA FAYETTE
AT THE TIME OF THE THREE GLORIOUS DAYS

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concerned, and if in blowing on the Royal House, the people brought it down upon them all, Charles saw no greater support for that House. . . . He even said that M. de Polignac was *the firmest head in the kingdom*. . . . Think of that!

Cardinal de Latil always advanced his schemes under the disguise of advice, even during Confession, according to what is known, for everything is known in Royal houses, where walls have ears. In spite of his credit, however, Cardinal de Latil did not succeed in overthrowing M. de Polignac. He intrigued with everybody. He intrigued especially with the Jesuits. whose power never weakens when it has to do with a cause which will bring them hundred per cent. But he also secured the interest of another marionette, This was M. de Villèle, whom we saw arrive in Paris in the spring of 1830. M. de Polignac was terrified . . . ! There was no need. M. de Villèle went about saying that M. de Polignac was a great minister, a man of high superiority, a man without an equal, in fact, a man who was so good, so great, so excellent, that he was nothing at all, according to the rule of extremes.

But the other feared neither exaggerated praises nor sly sarcasms any more than a direct attack. The King liked him, and the Dauphiness said "*Jules*" whenever she mentioned him. Indeed, the fascination was complete, and the Gascon had plenty of compliments to spare. He played the good fellow, told how much he had made in corn, wine, oil, and heaven knows what else.

Nevertheless, a first alarm sounded. Divisions took place and parties were formed; there was the Polignac

Party and the Villèle Party. The ministry of the latter was recalled, and that of Polignac was blamed, of course.

At last one day there was a real alarm. The King was said to be about to promulgate some Ordinances that would be the salvation of France, for the country was in *danger*. . . .

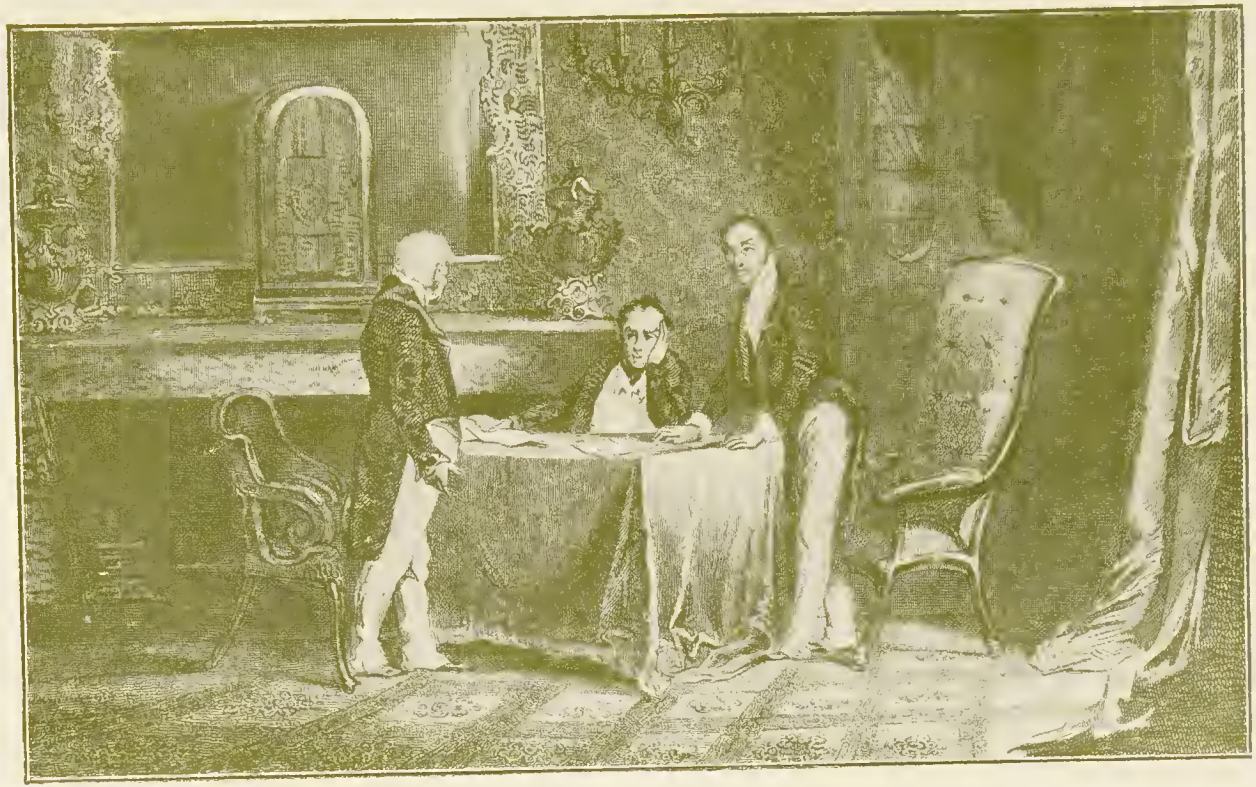
The word alone was dreadful to pronounce. France in danger! It was an unthinkable aberration, and a still greater one to mention it. Anyhow, there was something more than delirium in the idea.

At last on July 26 the Ordinances appeared in *Le Moniteur!* I will not repeat them here as everybody knows them. The Duchess of Angoulême was absent. Had she been there, the Ordinances would never have been signed.

Paris was sombre and silent all Sunday evening, and Monday and Tuesday; but at four o'clock on Wednesday the tumult began in the Place du Palais Royal. At Le Carrousel a woman was killed, and from that moment the hand-to-hand struggle began. All this in the middle of Paris. . . .! Poor France . . .!

The agitation grew by leaps and bounds. On the morning of the 28th the tocsin of La Grève rang out in full alarm. Detonations were heard. I was then living at L'Abbaye-au-Bois. At first the district was quiet, but not for long, and we soon had our turn. In Paris handfuls of grey paper were scattered, on which it was printed that King Charles X had abdicated and had retired to Compiègne.

A friend of mine went to St. Cloud to speak to the King. When he arrived, he found everything in order



JULY 25TH, 1830. SIGNING THE ORDINANCES

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and as though Paris was quite calm. He caught sight of the King standing at a window with a pair of glasses in his hand and looking at Paris, where he saw the clouds of smoke from the cannon. . . . My friend was unable to reach the King; he went to see the Dauphin, and that, too, was impossible. They had been surrounded with a wall of brass.

At Versailles the two houses of the Guards were ransacked with a sort of violence, and arms were not the only things that were taken. In fact, the Revolution had started. Among others, there was a poulterer, a very young man, with all the look of a ruffian, who committed a lot of disorders and did violence to the mayor and authorities.

At St. Cloud the disorder was more extensive, owing to what was happening there. The Court had left St. Cloud and the Royal Children had remained behind! I know somebody who found them lunching very calmly, the poor children! in spite of the departure of the whole family and their abandonment. . . . A couple of footmen carried them away in their arms, and saved them by hiding in the brushwood and reaching the upper park. Otherwise they would have been carried off by the people—and perhaps . . .

The hospital at St. Cloud was full of wounded, who were brought in from all quarters. The sisters of charity behaved there as they do everywhere. What was not elsewhere, however, was a white bed sewn entirely by the hands of Queen Marie Antoinette . . . ! and in that bed was a wounded man of the people . . . ! Perhaps that man had fired at the Queen's brother-in-law . . . !

In Paris the firing was terrible towards the end of the 28th. Cannonshot, gunshot, all were instruments of death, of bloodshed. . . . Oh! what unhappy days! what sad memories . . .!

The Duke of Ragusa had been chosen by the King to uphold the Ordinances. It is known how this happened. The Ministers were at the Tuileries. At first they prevented the Marshal from getting some highly important advices delivered to the King, and in this way everything failed, not through the betrayal of a brave man but through the incompetence of a minister, who could not be anything else but an honest man, but never a man to govern. Charles X made a long speech to the Marshal when he put the command into his hands—and God knows what came of it!

The Dauphin had said to him:

"Are you sure of the Guard, monsieur le maréchal?"

"The Guard, monseigneur, will die defending its King."

"Die? Oh no!" exclaimed the King; "conquer let's hope . . . ! *But I trust there will be no bloodshed. . . .*"

"Oh, well! if we are forced to draw the sword, we'll throw away the sheath!" said the Dauphin with perfect calm.

Here are some little-known details of the famous scene between the Dauphin and Marshal the Duke of Ragusa. It does honour to the Duke and I feel I ought to make it known.

When the situation in Paris reached such a point that all the Royal troops of the town had to be called

out, they fell back on St. Cloud. The King spoke to the Marshal and mentioned his doubts as to the fidelity of the Guard. The Marshal re-assured the King and to allay his fears, suggested that a proclamation should be issued to the troops who still remained faithful. To tell the truth, the Marshal was annoyed at the conduct of those who should have come forward in such circumstances. Hence he very easily forgot, if he did not do so on purpose, to make the proclamation in the name of the Dauphin. . . . In truth, of what sort of power would he have borrowed the mouthpiece in order to speak to men who had been fighting their brothers and fathers, and were not even rewarded with a word of trust and honour? Fear—that was all they were shown.

But the Duke of Angoulême did not see the matter in that light. He was Generalissime, he cried out to the King, and the Duke of Ragusa had committed treason in issuing in his own name a proclamation to the troops . . . !

Deafened by his shouting and raving, the King sent for the Duke of Ragusa and asked him to offer his excuses to the Dauphin.

"Excuses?" exclaimed the Marshal, "good God! for what offence . . . ?"

Whereupon the King explained to him what had happened. Marmont's first word was a refusal to take the least step. Brokenhearted at what had happened, he realised with despair the abyss into which the Royal Family were falling.

"I am in no wrong, Sire," said the Marshal, "and the oversight, of which the Prince complains, were it

a fault, is hardly fit to be the subject of a serious discussion under such grave circumstances."

The King went up to the Marshal and shook his hand:

"Do it for my sake," he said to him with feeling.

The Marshal bowed. . . . "I will go at once to the Prince," he said to the King. The Marshal went down to the apartments of the Dauphin. The latter was not there. He only found the Duke of Guiche, who was in the billiard room. . . . They talked for a few minutes and then the Dauphin entered. He was accompanied by some higher officers of the Life Guards. On catching sight of the Marshal, he went red in the face and appeared to be furious. He was holding a casquette which he flung violently on to the floor:

"Follow me, sir!" he said to the Marshal in a tone of haughtiness and anger that revealed a violent exasperation. He went into a study followed by the Marshal. . . . They had hardly got inside when a heavy thud was heard as though they were struggling together. The Duke of Guiche, Colonel de La Rue, the Marshal's chief aide-de-camp, and all who were in the billiard room rushed towards the door; but at the same moment the door opened and they saw the Marshal come out backwards, while he was struck, that is to say, shaken and pushed by the shoulders and in the chest by the Dauphin, who shouted: "Your sword . . . ! Hand over your sword . . . ! I want your sword; you are a traitor . . . !"

The Marshal was pale as death . . . his hands were clutched . . . his nails entered the flesh!

"My sword!" he cried out at last in a voice of

THE SHOOTING IN THE STREET
TUESDAY, JULY 27TH, 1830

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thunder. "My sword . . . ! *to you* . . . ! My sword . . . ! I will give it up to none but the King. . . ."

The Dauphin, however, had a fixed idea like all madmen, and that day he was mad indeed. . . . He again rushed at the Marshal, wrenched his sword from the sheath and tried to break it. . . . He was without gloves, and the sword was the Marshal's fighting sword . . . ! It had a strong blade, sharpened like a stiletto with an edge as terrible as a razor! The unhappy prince was so furious that he did not at first feel the edge of the sword and went on doing his best to break the blade. . . . It was the flowing blood that warned him before the pain . . . ! With a cry he threw the blood-stained weapon away and held out his shaking hands:

"Help! gentlemen of the Life Guards . . . ! Help . . . ! They're murdering me . . . ! Help!"

At the outcry, all the Life Guards of the Luxembourg and Noailles companies, who were in the rooms hard by, rushed forward, and several bore down upon the Marshal with uplifted swords and in such a hurry that some of them fell on the slippery floor of the apartment. . . . They surrounded the Marshal, brandishing their swords, and perhaps only waiting for an order to accomplish the second act of the tragedy of Marshal Ney. Meanwhile the Marshal stood with his arms folded on his breast and calmly faced those mad soldiers who were ready to deal death at the word of a madman . . . ! While the Dauphin, shaking his hands and getting more and more furious as the blood ran down his clothes, shouted and howled even:

"Help . . . ! Help . . . ! Murder . . . !"

All this happened in far less time than it has taken me to relate. A few moments were sufficient for the enactment of that terrifying drama, which might have had grave consequences for the Marshal.

The Duke of Guiche, who behaved like a gentleman as he always did, led the Prince away to get his hands bound up, and had the Marshal conducted to his apartment. . . . Instead of abating, the tumult spread throughout the palace. The first version given by the Dauphin's cry of "Murder . . . !" had flown from mouth to mouth, from room to room, till it reached the room of the Guards, where were all those whom it had been possible to gather together round the King's person . . . ! They became excited and shouted, and would neither see nor hear of anything but *the safety of the King and the Royal Family.* The Marshal's aides-de-camp, who had remained with him all the time, feared an unfortunate movement that might aim at the death of the Duke of Ragusa.

Without throwing suspicion on any noble character, there was everything to be feared on the part of men who linked the ruin of the Royal Family with their own, and whose fury would hear of no justification of one, who, according to their view, was sure to win, since he had guns and soldiers.

"Buonaparte beat the people of Paris on a similar occasion, on the 13th of Vendémaire!" exclaimed an *ultra*, the day of the departure for Rambouillet . . . ! "The Duke of Ragusa belongs to the same school . . . !"

That was what the *zelanti* were thinking and saying. . . . And such people were much to be feared.

The Marshal's aides-de-camp were well aware of the fact . . . ! Hence they had reason to fear for their general . . . ! And they did fear. . . . Just at the moment when their minds were full of very sombre thoughts, they heard a great noise in the rooms leading to the salon where the Marshal was. They made sure that their swords were well in their sheaths . . . being resolved to draw them in the Marshal's defence. . . .

The noise grew louder and louder. At last the voices became distinct, and the Duke of Luxembourg was heard to say:

"Monsieur le maréchal, I come to bring you the assurance of the King's Life Guards, whom I have the honour to command, that they are very sorry for what has happened. . . . Kindly accept my assurance."

The Marshal thanked the Duke of Luxembourg with great feeling . . . ! His heart was so full that he only needed to hear a kind word spoken by a man like the Duke of Luxembourg.

"The King begs you to go up to his apartment, *monsieur le maréchal*," said the Duke. "Do as he says. You know how much he loves you!"

The Marshal hesitated, in spite of the grace and kindness with which the Duke delivered the message. . . . His annoyance was as great as his injury . . . ! Nevertheless he went to the King.

"*Ah! mon cher maréchal!*" exclaimed the King as soon as he caught sight of him in the distance: "*Ah! mon cher maréchal . . . !* what a misfortune . . . ! How can you possibly pardon my son . . . ?"

The Marshal bowed without making a reply: his noble heart was wounded . . . ! He saw his future

revealed to him, with all the horror of a terrible truth, in the tears of that white-haired King weeping over the incompetence of his successor . . . !

"Yet another proof of your generous character, *mon cher maréchal* . . . ! Go and see my son . . . !"

The Marshal made a gesture of refusal.

"Do it for my sake . . . ! For me whom you love . . . ! For me who love you . . . ! For God . . . ! as a Christian!"

The Marshal was still unwilling to yield, but the King's last words made him give way . . . ! He went down to the Dauphin. . . . Here begins the minor act. The Prince's wounds had been bound up and his hands were like a pair of rag dolls in endless movement. Being accustomed to biting his nails, and to snapping open his lorgnon and popping it up to his nose, in a word, to keeping up a perpetual movement, he was very much bothered by the bandages. . . . On seeing the Marshal, he went towards him, and, instead of assuming the dignity befitting the occasion, he continued behaving like a comical figure. . . . He came hopping and dancing and waving his bandaged hands.

"Eh . . . ! Eh . . . ! your sword . . . ! it cuts well. . . . Yes! yes! it cuts well . . . ! Eh . . . ! Eh . . . !"

The Marshal behaved with admirable dignity. He faced the Prince with noble bearing, and said to him in a tone of contemptuous indignation:

"*Oui, monseigneur* . . . ! It cuts well . . . ! But it ought not to be drawn except against the enemies of France . . . !"

JULY 29TH, 1830

THE PUPILS OF THE SCHOOLS JOIN THE INSURGENTS IN ATTACKING THE BARRACKS OF THE SWISS GUARDS, RUE DE BABYLONE

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"*Ah! ah! oui, oui* . . . quite right! quite right! Well! All that must be forgotten in a Christian spirit!"

And that was how the famous scene ended. It has been told in a number of ways, but this is the true version.

* * * * *

On the morning of the 29th, the Babylone barracks were captured. It was there that the last shots were fired. One of them killed a pupil of the Polytechnic School, named Vaneau, a brave and worthy boy who would have been a hero, if he had lived at a time when his bravery could have found a better field of action than in a revolt. However holy the cause of a revolt may be, the name itself stamps it. But the behaviour of the Polytechnic School was admirable during the whole time of the disturbances . . . ! I was then living at L'Abbaye-au-Bois in the terrace apartments overlooking the Rue de Sèvres; so I could see all that was going on. On Wednesday morning, I heard a noise more violent than that which had been rumbling for two days. I went to the window and saw a gendarme, whom the people were trying to drag from his horse. The poor fellow was pale as death . . . ! He realised that all was up with him, once he got pulled off his horse. He tried to resist, but strength failed him . . . ! At that moment there appeared to him a saviour in the form of a pupil of the Polytechnic School. . . . It was quite time. . . . The gendarme had fallen off at last, overcome with fatigue and quaking with terror. . . . His coat was already torn off, and the victim was on the point of being killed with his own sabre, which a *woman* had snatched from

him. . . . The Polytechnic pupil brushed his way to the gendarme, took him up in his arms, and with almost supernatural force, passed with him through the sea of raging people. . . .

"He fired at a good fellow and wounded him in the arm!" cried thousands of voices. . . . "We'll make him pay for all the harm he's done! Down with the gendarmes . . . ! Down with the gendarmes . . . !"

The young pupil realised that the cry of death might also be turned against himself. . . . but that did not stop him. . . . He succeeded in reaching the convent railings, and putting the gendarme behind his back, faced alone the onslaught of more than eight hundred raging wretches. Luckily for the gendarme, they did not wish to do any harm to the young man, who, like his comrades, had been defending the popular cause for three days. But the crowd wanted the gendarme! Each time they reached him a piece of his clothing was torn away. . . . His resistance increased his assailants' rage, and I could see the moment coming when both the Polytechnic pupil and the intended victim would share the same fate. . . . They were both underneath my window. . . . I could see the palpitations of the noble young man's heart, as well as the less noble emotions of the gendarme. . . . His ghastly terror was pitiful to behold . . . it was horrible. The efforts of the people rushing on to the railings also made me shudder . . . ! The railings were already bending under the weight of the great mass that was pressing against them . . . ! The shouting and yelling, and the sight of those panting, furious women thirsting for a man's blood made my

brain whirl . . . yet a mysterious power kept me at the window, where perhaps I was to witness a tragedy of blood . . . ! At last the help, for which the Polytechnic pupil had sent, arrived, and managed with great difficulty to release the pupil and the gendarme . . . !

I was very much impressed by the fact that in the height of danger the gendarme thought only of his horse . . . ! His clothes were torn from his body . . . the blows he received from the point of his sabre reached his breast, yet all this left him unmoved. . . . But his horse . . . ! Oh! the horse was everything to him . . . !

"He's mine!" he cried out. "Don't ruin him! He's mine!" It was shameful to see such cupidity in the midst of an extreme peril . . . !

At last Louis-Philippe was proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville by M. de La Fayette. This nomination, for so it may be called, produced a great effect. There was some excitement in the people: it wanted to make itself sovereign and did not think it was giving itself one . . . ! What greater proof of its impotence than the July Revolution . . . ?

It was decided, therefore, that the Royal Family should leave France. They went to Rambouillet, where they were joined by the Dauphiness, who had been taking the waters.

A generous-hearted man, who was very devoted to the Royal Family, returned to France just as the Revolution broke out. . . . He had occupied high diplomatic posts in two of the most influential Courts

of Europe. He felt his heart sink at the sight of this latter exile, and he made a simple remark which was overwhelming as an historical truth. Questioned by Charles X as to what help might be hoped for from the foreign powers:

"Ah, Sire!" he replied in a tone of deep emotion, "the foreign powers would not stand the expense *of a child mounted on a donkey* in order to get you back to France . . . !"

Meanwhile there was no sign of any abatement. Popular excitement, after being kept in bounds by the heroism displayed during the first moments of the revolution, became very menacing and impossible to keep under control. It was necessary to remove all dangerous persons, and their number was legion. . . . There was one means which appeared to be quite safe, and it was used without foreseeing, perhaps, the consequences it might have.

It was Monday. I felt very uneasy about my younger son, who was at St. Cyr. I knew that the King had got the entire school to come to St. Cloud, so that he might have one more means of defence. I had shuddered to think that my child was perhaps doomed to die at an age when one is still ignorant of life. . . . I was greatly troubled by the thought that perhaps my two sons had been pitted one against the other during those terrible days; and feeling very uneasy about the fate of my Alfred, I left Paris in a great hurry for Versailles at four o'clock on Monday afternoon. I reached Versailles at six. . . . When I alighted at the Place d'Armes, I saw great excitement

28TH JULY, 1830

Lithograph by Charlet

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everywhere. I immediately went to get a carriage to take me to St. Cyr, but it was impossible to find one. I offered 25 francs to a cabman to take me that short distance, but could not get him to go. I had had the same difficulty in Paris.

But all the rumours I heard around me were too alarming for my peace of mind . . . ! Some said that the school had been removed to Rambouillet; others that it had gone to the Meudon heights. . . . I could not overcome my anxiety, so I set out for St. Cyr on foot.

The weather was glorious. The sun was setting in a clear sky and the country looked beautiful; but the quiet of the woods along the road was disturbed by frequent gun-fire. I learnt later that the people of Versailles were making use of the arms that had been given to them, by killing all the game they could find in the woods. They hunted it with small shot—as I am quite able to certify, since I heard more than one whizz past my ears. I kept walking at a brisk pace without troubling about what was going on around me, when I found near the pond a man whose name I did not know, though I had frequently seen him at St. Cyr, where I went regularly every Thursday to see my son. . . . He was coming from St. Cyr.

"But where are you going to, Madame?" he said to me. . . . "The School is closed. But at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, you will be able to see your son and take him with you. Be quite at ease. Nothing has happened."

His words seemed to open heaven for me! Blessings on him for giving such good news to a mother whose heart was anxious for her child . . . !

I returned to Versailles, leaning on the arm of this gentleman, whose name I do not know, but who saved me from the danger of sleeping in the woods; for I was so overcome with fatigue and anxiety, that I no longer had the moral strength that had carried me on, after I was reassured and my anxiety no longer acted as a goad.

I went and asked for hospitality at the house of my friend, Mme. Magnan. She received me like a sister! May she find here all my thanks for the consolation which I derived from her kindness!

Next morning I was at St. Cyr at eight o'clock! I found my son and took him away, after hearing from his superiors that he was one of the best pupils of the school, and that his conduct in the recent events had been perfectly honourable and proper.

We left St. Cyr, taking with us three pupils who asked to be allowed to join us. So I took charge of this flock of young people and we set out for Paris by the three o'clock coach. We had hardly got as far as Patte d'Oie when furious shouting and the wild singing of the Marseillaise, in fact an infernal noise, made the earth quake beneath us . . . and we came across the immense crowds that were making their way to Rambouillet . . . !

The sight of those vehicles loaded with bare-armed men in red shirts and caps, carrying all sorts of weapons and looking so haggard and evil, reminded me of the horrible incidents of the Revolution, and I shuddered, not because of myself but because of my son. He was still wearing his cockade and uniform, which he had refused to take off, and I trembled. . . . I leant out

MARSHAL MARMONT, DUKE OF RAGUSA
APPOINTED TO REPRESS THE JULY INSURRECTION

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of the carriage and told the coachman to go by way of Viroflay, which he did. But later on he left the upper road for some unknown reason and went down again to the Route de Sèvres. . . . There we once more encountered the procession composed of hideous men, women and children, all yelling with a sort of drunken wildness and causing as much disgust as dread! The scene was almost unknown by the inhabitants of Paris, but I saw it in all its horror, and shall never forget it. It was perhaps the most striking scene of the whole revolution for me. . . . That long file of ill-clad men and women, drunk with wine and blood . . . ! It was hideous . . . ! And the weird spectacle that kept repeating itself with an endless shouting of imprecations . . . ! Of every arm that was thrust out of a carriage brandishing a bleeding weapon, one could say: "There's a murderer . . . !" for it was not in that unclean cesspool that the noble people of the Three Glorious Days were to be found.

We were held up several times. . . . As the coach was in the public service, we passed on, but the more we approached the end of the column, the few officers controlling it became still more rare . . . and it was evident that we ran no small danger in being in the midst of what was nothing but a lawless horde and a troop of brigands.

Indeed, at Point-du-Jour we were again held up, and made to alight from the coach under pretext of seeing whether we had any weapons. . . . Later on a band of wretches surrounded us and looked at the uniforms of the young pupils. . . . They were wearing their fleur-de-lys on their jackets . . . ! I

dreaded lest the wretches should want to take the young people to Rambouillet. . . . They swarmed around us, and my son looked at them as though defiantly, with his head high, and seemed to fear them no more than a band of children. He only felt pity for me, as he knew that I was mortally anxious. Overcome with fatigue and parched with the excessive heat and dust, I hardly knew where I was. The nervous agitation which I had had for several days, increased at the apparition of the horde of wretches, most of whom were bent on murder and pillage. . . . I happened to have with me a big fan, which my son-in-law had given me three years ago at Versailles, so that I might have a little air at the play one very hot summer night. It had three colours and was called *au Trocadéro*. . . . The wretches thought that the colours represented the Tricolour! I could not make out why they greeted me with such cries of joy and shouted with such fraternal feeling, "Long live the Charter!"

And all the while I smiled convulsively, shaking my beautiful fan without knowing its charm, and replying and nodding with the regularity of a Chinese ornament: "Long live the Charter!"—I still keep that fan.

The memory of that day often causes my son to smile nowadays. He was cool-headed at the time, because he had no fear for my safety, whereas I lost my head thinking he might be taken away to Rambouillet.

At last we reached the Paris tollgate on foot, as our carriage had been taken. We passed through safely in spite of the solid mass of people. Pupils of the Polytechnic School were keeping order and we were

"DAMME! . . . HOW ONE *does* SINK INTO IT!"

Caricature by Torès apropos of the taking of the Tuileries

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able to get through. Once inside Paris, my son suggested that we should reach home by way of the Iéna Bridge, the Military School and Les Invalides.

There was every chance of meeting isolated groups who, seeing the uniform of St. Cyr, might give him some trouble, but at least we were getting away from the horrible procession, to which there seemed no end . . . ! It stretched from Versailles to Paris without interruption, like a horrible boa-constrictor, whose head was stretching out after prey . . . !

I followed my son, who supported, or rather, carried me . . . . ! We encountered no obstacle on our way and arrived at L'Abbaye-au-Bois at seven o'clock, just as my elder son was about to set out in search for us, for he was extremely anxious about me and his brother.

The Duchess of Angoulême arrived and joined the Royal Family just when their banishment was decreed . . . ! Holy martyr! always doomed to weep . . . ! Always destined to suffer . . . !

So it was decreed that Charles X should leave France, together with all the Royal Family.

Commissioners were appointed to accompany them: M. de Schonen, and M. Odilon Barrot were among those who followed them to the port of embarkation.

What was the result of all this? We shall see later on.

Paris was calm after a few days, as though everything had always been peaceful there. Louis Philippe was adored in the early days; his way of speaking to everybody was so gracious that everybody spoke to

him with joy. Indeed there was a period of delirious admiration, which was short but whole-hearted.

The Royal Family had a perilous and painful journey. In several towns, especially Condé-sur-Noireau and Vire, there was fear of a rising at the sight of the Royal Family. At Evreux, the sight of the tricolour flag made such an impression on the Dauphiness that she had a violent attack of nerves, and fell down senseless on the bottom of the carriage . . . ! The King showed gentle resignation, and prayed. On his arrival at the port, he gazed with sorrow and tears on the Life Guards . . . ! His was not the proud sorrow of Napoleon, but that of an old man at the foot of the Cross.

He had taken off his decorations. The Dauphin had done the same, and had only a blue coat with a red ribbon in his buttonhole. It was feared there might be a rising.

Arrived at the port, the Dauphiness gave her hand to kiss to the small number of individuals who were there. And the noble and unfortunate Family entered the ship that was waiting for them. It was a very sad moment, especially for the Dauphiness. . . . A martyr on two occasions in her sad life, she had the further sorrow of leaving her beloved country, ever bathed in French blood.

"Adieu, France!" she said. "Adieu! I still bless you, although you have done me much harm! But may your sons learn that we do not deserve our lot, and that we pardon all your outrages . . . !"

And, withdrawing to her cabin, she fell down at the feet of her crucifix to pray for France. . . .

There are a couple of remarkable facts that are not generally known. One is the appearance in Paris of bills and placards proclaiming Louis Philippe Empero of the French; the other, that Napoleon II was on the point of being proclaimed on July 30.

Here is the proclamation:

"THE FRENCH PEOPLE TO PHILIPPE EMPEROR

"A whole generation, full of heroic memories, monuments and immense works, stamped with our glory, salutes thee, Philippe d'Orleans.

"We have seized again our rights, we have reconquered our liberty: in the midst of the massacre of our fellow citizens, it was with hope that we heard the sound of your name.

"The head of a great nation must be chosen by her; in proclaiming thee, she confides her future to the best and most illustrious of her citizens.

"Our mandatories will present to thee the great code of our laws; then, Philippe d'Orleans, thou wilt preside over the destinies of a great people, thou wilt link up again the chain of the glorious ages. But the title that shall consecrate thy election must be that of *Emperor*.

"Philippe I, Emperor, raises a barrier of brass between his family and the family driven away by the people. It is a great, a popular title; it embodies the guarantee that our glorious Revolution of the three days of July, 1830, shall not end as did the ephemeral revolutions of Naples and Turin.

"The French people no longer recognise any right of law in princes who become tyrants, or whom the foreigner may wish to impose.

"They talk of Charters! That name is dishonoured; it is the work of kings thrice overthrown; it has been drenched in blood.

"Nevermore, without memories of sorrow and contempt, can any Frenchman pronounce the name of *king*; that name, that cry, is no more, and never can be, national: the title of emperor recalls our glory, and reassures us of the future; a new era opens out before us.

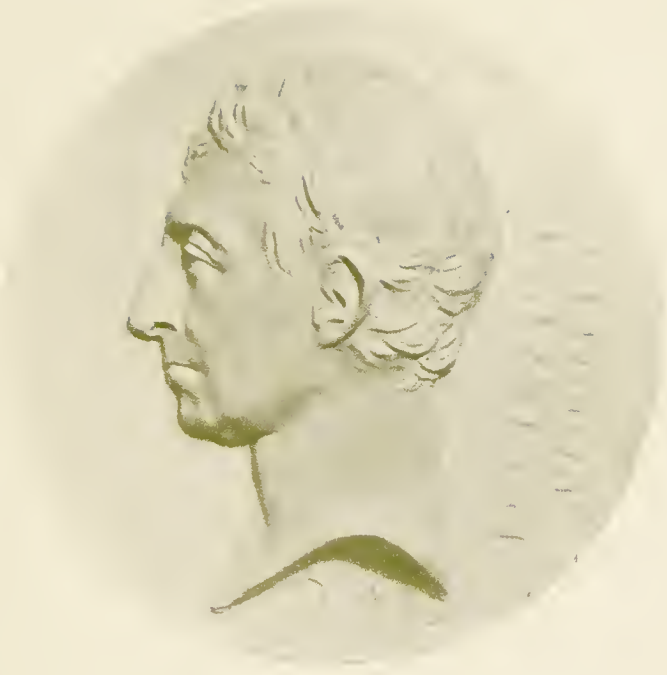
"In the name of the French people,

"PHILIPPE I, EMPEROR.

"LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR PHILIPPE!

"*Paris*, 8 *August*, 1830."

On the 29th, at five o'clock in the morning, M. Dumoulin, the Emperor's orderly officer during the Hundred Days, went to M. Audry de Puyravault, a deputy, and in a mutual impulse of patriotism, they appointed, without any previous consultation of the parties concerned, the persons who were to compose the provisional government: General Gérard, General La Fayette, and the Duke of Choiseul. M. de La Fayette was also proclaimed General-in-command of the National Guard, while M. Audry de Puyravault was appointed his first aide-de-camp. This curious decree proclaiming the downfall of the Bourbons was taken to the *Constitutional* at six o'clock in the morning by M. Cauchois-Lemaire. The former orderly



GENERAL LA FAYETTE IN 1830

Medallion by David d'Angers

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officer went to the *Journal du Commerce*, where he found M. Bert, the chief editor, and M. Cuoq, later on a member of parliament, who asked him to tell them the truth. He answered what was indeed the truth, namely, that the Provisional Government were men of reason, and that if they conquered, it was certain that the persons appointed would accept. "If we are defeated," he added, "the King's Attorney will take charge of the matter."

On July 28, that is to say, the previous evening, the former Imperial orderly officer had resumed his uniform and gone the round of Paris, where he was recieved with acclamations by the workers and people of Paris who were forming the barricades, together with a great number of soldiers and officers of the Empire. With their assistance he proclaimed Napoleon II in front of the Bank, but being repulsed by General Walsh, the Commandant of Paris, who came up with some troops, he withdrew in the direction of Les Halles in order to reach the Hôtel de Ville. It was there that the great barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine was erected, reaching as far as the second storey of the houses. He was aided in this patriotic work by Clavet-Gobert, aide-de-camp to Marshal Bertrand.

About midnight on the 28th, a meeting was held in the house of M. Audrey de Puytavault. There were present: M. Lafitte, M. Mauguin, MM. Bavoux Méchin, Sébastiani, Gérard (the General), Béranger (the French bard), General La Fayette and M. Dumoulin. It was pointed out to them that the Royal troops, under the command of the Maréchal de Raguse,

had evacuated the Hôtel de Ville and withdrawn towards the Louvre, where they had taken up their positions, while the Paris people, who had fought so valiantly *without a leader* during the whole first day of revolt, would want to know for whom their blood was to flow on the following day. "You, who have been our leaders for fifteen years," said the speaker, "and are in fact our mandatories, have now the opportunity of proving the justice of your mission. Moreover, we fought together beneath the tricolour flag: to-morrow it will fly over the Hôtel de Ville and announce to the people of Paris and the whole of France that the seat of the Government is there."

MM. Laffitte, Mauguin, Bavoux and others hastened to express their assurance that they were ready to go to the Hôtel de Ville at once.

Whereupon a man was seen to rise, whose political opinions had long been a matter for doubt. It was General Sébastiani.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "we are not conspirators . . . ! We are deputies . . . ! What is the meaning of this meeting? Where is our mandate to deliberate in this manner . . . ? For my part, I declare that I recognise no national flag but the flag of my King, which is the white flag, and I protest that if this discussion goes on any longer in this direction, I will immediately withdraw."

"My dear General," said M. Mauguin, with a smile at least as *spirituel* as any of the little General and much less impertinent, "the worst part of the work is done, and I can even say that everything is done. We are conspirators, if one deserves that name, in

looking after the interests of the people at whatever cost. We have been conspirators since this morning, and I will add that it no longer depends on us not to be such. I am so convinced, you see, that if I were King's Attorney and we were defeated, to-morrow I would have all who are in this room shot, and quite legally too."

"Yes!" exclaimed M. Laffitte, "we must not hesitate to meet the wishes of our fellow citizens. This morning, M. Casimir Périer, General Lobau and myself went to the Marshal's head quarters, Place du Carrousel, to beg him to order the firing to cease and to put before His Majesty the gravity of his position in the face of the nation, which is determined to recover its rights. The Marshal replied that it was very unfortunate but he must carry out the orders he had received. And I saw," added M. Laffitte, "that if it was the Marshal of France who spoke in that way, the heart of the patriotic Frenchman was broken.

"He also told us that it would be useless to send any proposal to His Majesty, because it would not be listened to until the Parisians had laid down their arms. I pointed out to him that, no longer being able to master the movement, we considered it our duty to remain with the people. Hence I am of the opinion that we should go to the Hôtel de Ville."

General Sébastiani then turned towards M. Méchin, who was on his left and who had maintained a profound silence during the whole discussion. The General said to him:

"*Cher*, let's be off . . . !"

And there you have the men who were honoured with rewards . . . !

Sébastiani's withdrawal led to that of several others, and the only persons remaining in the room were MM. Laffitte, Audry de Puyravault, Mauguin, La Fayette, Carbonnel, Lasteyrie and Bavoux, who agreed to the proposal that they should all meet again at M. de Puyravault's house the following day at midday.

"At midday!" exclaimed the ex-orderly officer of the Emperor. "Well, gentlemen, by that hour the fate of the city of Paris will be decided, and so will ours! At midday! and what will you do in the meantime? Will you listen to the noise of the cannonade in order to know on which side will be the victory . . . ! No! for in you I still find hearts that are truly French . . . ! Come! let's be firm in our resolve! You are five in this room; that's more than sufficient to reply to the calls of the Fatherland . . . !"

Laffitte then replied that they were not sufficient in number to deliberate on so grave a matter. "Apart from that," he added, "if you find that midday is too late an hour, let's fix eight o'clock in the morning."

They then broke up the meeting, M. Laffitte going to dream of greatnesses that were doomed to be nothing but *dreams*, and the conspirator going off to have a heart-to-heart talk about the public weal with the man who in those days was looked upon as *The Great Citizen*, M. La Fayette. The General was accompanied by Count de Laysterie, his grandson, and M. de Carbonnel, his aide-de-camp. M. de Carbonnel was at that time head clerk to M. Lombard, the banker, and he is now Field-Marshal, in command at Bordeaux. M. Dumoulin suggested to General

ODION BARROT

ONE OF THE COMMISSIONERS WHO ACCOMPANIED CHARLES X TO CHERBOURG

To face p. 17

La Fayette that he should go to the Hôtel de Ville with him.

"You will be received with enthusiasm," he said to him.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Carbonnel, "do you want to send the General to his death . . . ?"

"Be quiet, Carbonnel," said M. de La Fayette, "*that doesn't concern you . . . !* I am unable to accompany you," he said to M. Dumoulin, "there is not a single corps organised, and I cannot show myself except in front of a *respectable and regular* body of troops."

Which proves that it is not forbidden for a great citizen to be prudent. . . .

Seeing the effect of his words, the General added:

"Go to the Hôtel de Ville, see your friends and *speak in my name.* You can send a safe person to keep me informed of the state of affairs."

This conversation took place as they were making for the General's carriage. . . . As they came up the Rue Cadet, they were recognised by a patrol to whom the answer was given that it was General La Fayette! The name was like magic for anybody of the working class. General de La Fayette received a very strange salute. After the obligatory cry of *Long live Liberty!* the workers forming the patrol cried out:

"Long live the Emperor . . . ! Long live the Emperor . . . !"

"Enough! enough!" said M. de La Fayette. "Long live Liberty . . . ! Long live Liberty . . . !"

When he set out, the Man of the Empire went his way alone, overwhelmed with sad thoughts. . . .

He saw retreating from before the first difficulties those who had provoked them . . . ! Nevertheless, on arriving among his friends, he spoke only of the hope which was given them; he said that the Provisional Government was installed and everything was turning out well.

Now here is a proof of the *order* in the midst of the *disorder* that prevailed in Paris that day.

It was two o'clock when M. de La Fayette arrived at the Hôtel de Ville. A good many pictures have been painted recalling the July scenes, but none comes up to the picture presented by the rooms of the Hôtel de Ville on the morning of the 29th. The Hôtel de Ville was the headquarters of the power recognised by *the citizens* of Paris; whether the power was there or not mattered little to them. . . . The doors were open and everybody went in and made himself at home. The rooms were all encumbered. The fine Salle St. Jean, whose windows overlook the square, was at first invaded by tired men, worn out with fighting and the extreme heat. They sprawled over the chairs and sofas, singing, sleeping, yelling the Marseillaise, and shouting "Long live Liberty . . . !" Wine and beer bottles littered the floor, while the men ate and drank as in a bivouac. . . . Such was the state of the Hôtel de Ville when M. de La Fayette made his triumphal entry on July 29, accompanied by MM. Audry de Puyravault, Carbonnel, Alexandre de Laborde, Lasteyrie, Béranger, etc. As soon as he appeared, shouts of "*Long live Liberty!*" resounded, and the tricolour flag with which he was accompanied

was hoisted at one of the windows of the Salle St. Jean in place of the black and red flag hoisted by General Dubourg, the general improvised on July 29, as is well known. But as soon as he saw it M. de La Fayette ordered it to be taken down . . . ! M. Anselme de Barante went and announced the order to MM. Fazy, Baude and some of those who accompanied M. de La Fayette. . . . .

"Take down the tricolour flag . . . ! Take it down when it was flying on a public building . . . ?"

"It must be put back!" they declared.

M. de Barante and one of these gentlemen got on to the window sill and hung out the flag again to the great delight of the multitude, who could not understand why the symbol of its liberty had been taken down.

Meanwhile, M. de La Fayette was in a remote room conferring with his most intimate friends, writing and receiving letters, but *apparently* taking no more hand in the affairs of the moment than if he had been still unconcerned in them.

"It can't go on like this," said M. Baude, "it is impossible to see all this disorder and put up with it. The Hôtel de Ville needs a commandant. Will you take on the job, Dumoulin? It is an important one and not without danger."

"I accept, since I shall have a chance of being useful. But who is there here with the power to appoint me?"

"General Zimmers."

General Zimmers was sent for. He appointed M. Dumoulin, whereupon the latter became commandant

of the Hôtel de Ville . . . ! Within half-an-hour he made the Hôtel de Ville at least inhabitable, and fit to be the headquarters of authority. In the meantime, M. Baude gave the pupils of the Polytechnic School the task of getting rid of the great crowd that filled the Place de Grève and blocked the approaches.

"Now we can breathe," said the gentlemen, perceiving from one of the windows of the salle St. Jean that a sort of order was being established. "But there ought to be a prefect . . . !"

Just at that moment Count Alexandre de Laborde happened to enter the room.

"Ah! here's the prefect!" they exclaimed, as they surrounded the Count de Laborde.

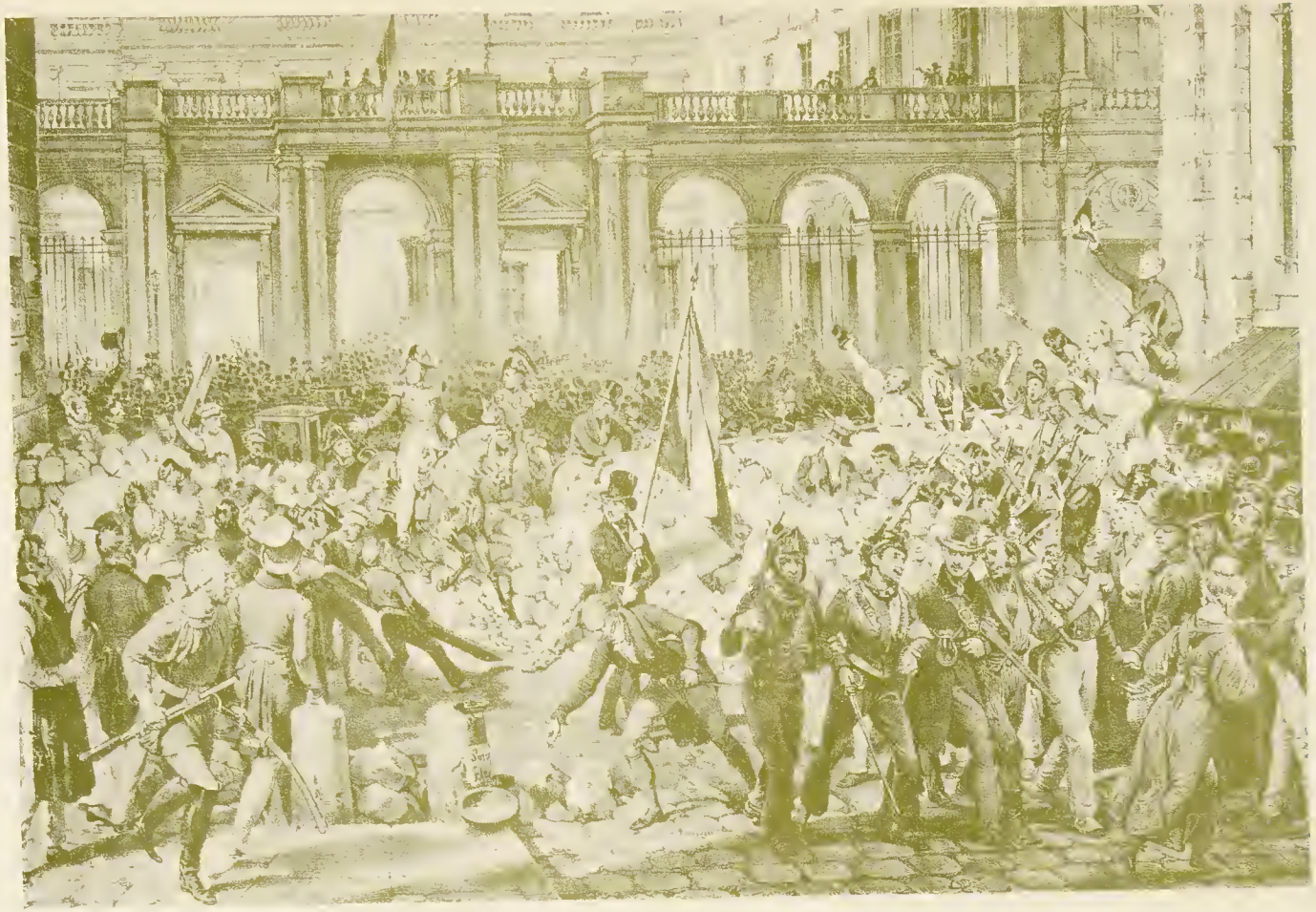
"M. de Laborde," said M. Baude and the Commandant, "in virtue of our office as Commandants of the Hôtel de Ville, we appoint you Préfect de la Seine . . . !"

And he was given a sort of Commission, on which was written: "*In the name of the Provisional Government . . .*"

Now, it is well known that since its appointment that morning at the house of M. Audry de Puyravault, the famous Provisional Government did not exist. All of which is very amusing . . . !

Installed as Prefect, Count de Laborde immediately took over the management of the Hôtel de Ville. I need only say that he was confirmed in his appointment, and that three months later he was still Prefect.

Seeing that appointments were being given away, M. G—t went to the Commandant and said to him:



31ST JULY, 1830

LOUIS-PHILIPPE, DUKE OF ORLEANS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE KINGDOM, LEAVING THE PALAIS ROYAL TO GO TO THE HÔTEL DE VILLE

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"*Appoint me to something so that I may wear the decoration . . . . colonel, for instance . . . !*"

"But you've only got one hand . . . ! I can only appoint you staff lieutenant-colonel."

He accepted, and was given the brevet of lieutenant-colonel of the second legion, of which M. Loubers was colonel.

Here is another fact which was related to me by eye and ear witnesses. The municipal commission composed of Mauguin, Audry de Puyravault, de Schonen, Lobau, was holding a sitting when M. de Schonen said:

"Do you know that the Orleans party is active. . . . It is even said that the Duke of Orleans wishes to come in person to the Hôtel de Ville. . . . By heaven! if he dared, my opinion would be to have him shot."

"Certainly!" said Lobau curtly.

The answer is laconic. Another man added: "Yes!" as though he meant to say: "Qui vive!"

This is what happened later on:

It was eleven o'clock in the evening. All was peaceful around the Hôtel de Ville. The commandant was resting on a mattress on the floor when somebody came and huddled up beside him. It was Casimir Périer.

To understand what follows it must be borne in mind that for fifteen years the Empire man had been the intimate friend of the man of the movement.

After the first words were exchanged, Casimir Périer asked him *what his intentions were.*

"The same as in 1815 . . . ! Get rid of the Bourbons and proclaim Napoleon II."

"The provinces won't agree with you, my friend, and Paris will only give you a passing consent . . . besides, the Duke of Reichstadt is not here!"

"True! but I have confidence in my cause, and moreover, my heart is in it."

Casimir Périer was an eloquent man. He had a great advantage in being able to recognise the vulnerable points in those to whom he was speaking. . . . He was vigorously opposing his old friend's arguments, when M. Carbonnel came for him at the request of M. de La Fayette. It should be mentioned that M. de La Fayette was all the time shut up and, to say the right word, *closeted* in the remotest rooms of the Prefecture, far from all who might have any influence on his mind. Casimir Périer remained with him for some time. . . .

"It's all settled!" he exclaimed when he returned an hour later. "General La Fayette is with us . . . and the best you can do is to join him. Perhaps, as I have already said, you will find some response in Paris, but you will set France ablaze with civil war. . . . We wish to give the country the Duke of Orleans.

"If that is so, then this revolution will be a fiasco like those of Turin, Naples and Madrid . . . !"

"But, my dear friend, we don't want a revolution . . . ! and besides, the Duke of Orleans gives the greatest guarantees to the French people. He's the man we need. . . ."

The whole night was spent in discussions of this nature. Next morning, Casimir Périer left his friend without having succeeded in shaking his convictions.

LAFFITTE, THE BANKER
ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES
AUGUST 3RD, 1830

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. . . It was then five o'clock in the morning. The ex-officer of the Emperor, the man who at the time of the Hundred Days gave him his fortune and devotedness, wanted to go on with his plan and went out to see his friends, since the high personages of the Empire kept themselves shut up in the shadow of their humiliation . . . ! Yes, their inactivity on such a day was a disgrace. . . .

M. Dumoulin went to his printer to get the proclamations he had made, calling Napoleon II to the throne. He then returned to the Hôtel de Ville and proposed to Audry de Puyravault, Mauguin, Baude and several others that they should support the movement. They all consented. At that moment, Odilon Barrot crossed the bottom of the room.

"That's the man we must win over to our cause!" said Mauguin.

The officer in command went and proposed to him that he should become one of the men who were to direct the Imperialist movement.

"It's the right moment, indeed!" exclaimed Odilon Barrot, "since Charles X may be back in Paris this evening!"

Whereupon he went out. The commandant stood perplexed.

"What did he say?" asked the others.

"That one ought to wait."

"That's my opinion also," said Mauguin.

They went their respective ways. . . . A quarter of an hour later, M. Carbonnel went to M. Dumoulin and begged him to go and speak to M. de La Fayette. He followed M. Carbonnel, who took him through a

great number of unknown rooms and by-ways. Arrived at a very secluded room, M. Carbonnel begged the commandant to wait a moment.

"The General will come here," he said, as he went out.

After waiting in vain half-an-hour, M. Dumoulin came out of the reverie in which he was plunged. . . . He went to the door and opened it. Two National Guardsmen presented themselves and prevented him from leaving the room. . . . He ran to the window . . . it was barred . . . and overlooked a secluded inner court . . . !

He was a prisoner . . . !

It was not until about seven o'clock in the evening that he was set free, and could get something to eat and drink . . . and by that time all was finished as far as Napoleon II was concerned . . . ! Next morning he went to General La Fayette and asked him for an explanation of his conduct on the previous evening.

"I do not owe you any, sir," replied General La Fayette haughtily. "As for what I did, I will ask yourself how you could have thought that I would tolerate the bid for power of the son of Bonaparte . . . !"

"And whose candidature, then, do you support, sir?" asked the other, who had just been subjected to the first despotic act of the new regimen.

"The people, sir . . . ! Always the interests of the people . . . ! I only acknowledge principles and not individuals."

It is rather remarkable that it should have been a man of Imperialist opinions to be the first political prisoner of the regimen that ended the July Revolution.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE DISTRIBUTING THE PROCLAMATION
31ST JULY, 1830

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My informer told me another remarkable story in which he was one of the principal actors.

When he was installed as commandant of the Hôtel de Ville, he thought of the danger it would run if the regular army attacked it. He was wondering how best to keep up the moral courage of the men around him, when he suddenly remembered a circumstance which had already struck him at the time, and now became important.

About a year before the affairs of 1830, M. Dumoulin was dining at the house of M. Bonny, which was situated in the Rue Bleue and overlooked the garden of M. Johannot in the Rue Richer. The first floor of the latter house was occupied by Marshal Maison, who that day was celebrating the arrival of a couple of cannons from Morée, which Charles X had presented to him. He was consecrating them like sacred relics.

On his part, M. Dumoulin was not engaged in consecrating cannons, but dining very merrily with General Pajol, General Lamarque, General Dumoutier and M. Pons de l'Herault. . . . At the sight of the triumphal procession which they could see quite well from their windows, these gentlemen were seized with a fit of mirth such as only occurs at a gathering of friends. Glasses were filled with champagne and the toast was proclaimed:

"To the great day when we shall take back the cannons that we see!"

Shouts of wild joy greeted the toast.

A year went by. The Commandant had forgotten the Marshal and his cannons, when the events of the

29th of July reminded him of them. So he went to the military station in the Rue Cadet and taking a few men with him, went and knocked at the door of the Marshal's house.

"M. le maréchal Maison?"

"He's not at home, sir."

"And his secretary?"

"He's not at home either."

"But is there anyone of his household at home?"

"There is nobody at all."

"Oh, indeed! perhaps there's a landlord?"

"Yes, sir. M. Johannot . . . but he's out."

"Ah! ah . . . ! But yourself, you're not deaf and dumb, are you?"

"No, sir."

"Very well! tell me at once where the Marshal's two cannons are. I have the order of the Provisional Government to take them for the public service."

"I don't know what you mean, sir . . . !"

"I'll help you to understand."

He beckoned to four men, who surrounded the man-servant.

"You will spend the night in prison, and you will be taken to the Prefecture of police."

"Me, sir!"

"Yes, you, unless you give a proper answer."

"But, sir," exclaimed M. Johannot's domestic, "there is one of the Marshal's servants. He's the man it concerns, if it's a question of going to prison."

And he pointed to a man who was standing near by. He had no livery, and appeared to be waiting to see what would come of the inquiry. The inhabitants

29TH JULY, 1830

GENERAL LA FAYETTE AND LAFFITTE, GERARD, CARBONNEL, AUDREY DE PUYRAVAULT, ETC.
ON THEIR WAY TO THE HÔTEL DE VILLE

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of the house appeared to want to know all about the Revolution.

"Come here!" said M. Dumoul into the man. "Where are the Marshal's cannons?"

He asked about the cannons as he would have asked about pistols.

The valet replied that he did not understand what his questioner meant.

"I will help you also to understand. . . . Take him to the Prefecture of Police!" he said, turning to the soldiers. . . . "It won't take long to deal with you, my friend; you know what happens to people who conceal firearms in times like these."

The soldiers surrounded the valet and were about to lead him away.

"Wait a bit!" he exclaimed. "For the devil's sake, wait a bit . . . ! I believe I saw something like cannons being taken over there."

And he pointed to a shed full of straw. . . . Whereupon two fine guns were found wrapped up in bundles of straw. But that was not all.

"Here are the guns, but where are the carriages?"

"Ah! I know nothing about that, sir."

"You know nothing about it, eh? But bear in mind that guns without their carriages are just a way of speaking. . . . Come now! make up your mind quickly. I'm in a hurry. . . . "

Whereupon he beckoned to the soldiers.

"Wait a bit, sir, I believe the carriages. . . . Oh Lord, I don't know what a gun-carriage is really like."

"I will teach you. . . . Take him away . . . !"

"Sir! is it something in wood that you mean . . . ? I believe it's what is in the other shed over there on the left!"

The shed was opened and the gun-carriages were discovered wrapped up like the guns. The Commandant sent for a wheelwright and got him to mount the two little gems. Ropes were secured and some men joyfully harnessed themselves to the guns. They were about to set out, when it was realised that there were no munitions for the guns. The valet was questioned but denied all knowledge of their whereabouts. The soldiers were called upon to take him away to prison; whereupon his tongue was unbound.

He showed the way to the spot where the munitions were stored. It was a loft. Thirty rounds apiece were found there. At the Hôtel de Ville the guns were put into position. They were the only guns that were fired during the fighting, besides the other cannon abandoned in the Place du Carrousel. I mention this to correct the erroneous opinion that these guns were taken from the Royal Guard.

On the restoration of peace, the Marshal claimed the return of his guns as his private property. They had been taken to Vincennes, and it was rather difficult to get them back. Nevertheless they were restored to him by General Gourgaud, who was then in charge of the château de Vincennes.

* * * * *

We were just recovering from the general chaos, when the whole of Europe was horrified by the unexpected death of the Duke of Bourbon, who was

31ST JULY, 1830

AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE READING THE DECLARATION OF THE DEPUTIES AND THE PROCLAMATION OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE

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found dead in his room one morning at St. Leu, where he was then residing.

At the time of the tragedy, twenty-six years had gone by since the catastrophe of Vincennes. . . . Much has been said regarding the Duke of Bourbon's profound despair on that unhappy occasion. It is beyond doubt that his paternal heart was lacerated by that misfortune, for which there was at first no consolation whatever. But time acts upon the keenest sorrows, and its action wears them out, whatever their activity may be. The Duke of Bourbon had at last resigned himself to his fate, and it is beyond doubt that his son's death had nothing to do with his own. The Duke of Bourbon was even gay and always greatly amused by all that was done at Chantilly and St. Leu. He had both charm and high spirits, and several friends of mine who were intimate with him, told me that he was remarkably good-humoured in small company.

The Duke of Bourbon loved Charles X as one loves a relation who bears your name, for he was a good fellow, though apathetic, very characterless, and, like most princes, lacking in those lively feelings that come from sentiment. His pleasures alone gave him any deep sensations. He had an unbridled liking for hunting, and passion rather than love. When the July Revolution was over, he settled down again and seemed to wish for nothing more than to live in peace.

But the private life of the Prince was far from being peaceful. An affection, which had long been his life's happiness, became marred with storms and troubles; its first murmurs had arisen at the time when he made his will.

This will had been drawn up in favour of his godson, the Duke of Aumale, by Baron de Lamot, who was the Duke of Bourbon's military secretary, and one of the most excellent men I have ever known. He was deeply attached to the Duke of Bourbon, and had a profound respect for everything affecting the greatness of his name. That name was about to die out. Animated by a spirit of chivalry, Baron Lambot wished to perpetuate it; in doing which he would procure a great happiness for the Prince whom he loved so much. He proposed to Charles X and the Duchess of Berry to summon to France a Prince of the House of Naples and to have him recognised as the sole heir of the Duke of Bourbon. This adoption had immense consequences favourable to the future safety of the *miracle child . . . !* It gave him the support of a much nearer relation than any of those he had in France, and a rich and powerful one too . . . ! M. de Lambot busied himself with the project a long time. It was Archbishop de Latil who was first spoken to and who took the matter up. It was always M. de Latil who took charge of the business . . . ! In the end, Charles X refused . . . ! Not wishing to see the great name of Condé die out, M. de Lambot thought of one of the children of the Duke of Orleans. . . . Mme. de Feuchères, who was taken into confidence this time, seconded M. de Lambot's proposals, but on the condition that she was presented at Court. The Dauphiness would not hear of it. . . . Anyhow, the will was the cause of much suffering to the Duke of Bourbon. Like most old people, he was afraid of death, and dreaded signing a will.

M. de Surval, the Duke's steward, has had much to say regarding what he saw and heard in this respect . . . and he had reported some very strange sayings of the Prince . . . or refuted a good many depositions of that kind. . . . Why . . . ? I find that *l'Examen de la procédure criminelle de la mort du Duc de Bourbon* is written in a sort of mocking tone, altogether opposed to the gravity of such a matter. What can be said in answer to such ironical assertions as those concerning Doctor Gendrin . . . ? Perhaps he has expressed himself badly, but the subject is so serious and sinister that one cannot maintain too great a reserve.

The Dukes of Rohan, on their side, have thrown down the sheath after drawing the sword, and for them it is a fight to death, in which there is no measure on the one side or the other. But this memoir, written by a man of talent, is altogether improper and libellous. Among those whom it accuses are people whom I declare to be innocent, people whom I count among my friends. This memoir written apparently in a fit of passion should be purged of all the unverified assertions that it contains.

I have already said that a brave, loyal and devoted man was in the house of the Duke of Bourbon, where he lived like one of those faithful servants who once upon a time lived and died within the same walls as their masters and under the same roof. That man was General de Lambot. His behaviour was always the same, and he gave constant proof of his devotedness to the Duke.

He desired to surround the aged Condé with all the glory due to that historic name, and to revive its

former splendours. With this intention, he got Mme. de Reuilly, the Duke's natural daughter, to come to the Palais Bourbon to do the honours, and give it at least the appearance of a respectable household. Mme. de Feuchères would then have been sent away, and while still remaining the Duke's friend, would have been herself in a more proper position. The negotiation, however, did not succeed, through M. or Mme. de Reuilly or both, and above all through the opposition of Mme. de Feuchères.

It was once more Cardinal de Latil who took the matter in hand with a lively interest. . . . But for lack of space, I would have given His Eminence's letters, which are very remarkable.

" The great name of Condé cannot die! " was General de Lambot's watchword. He had been called to the service of the Duke of Bourbon after the dismissal of Baron de Saint-Jacques, who one day at the hunt failed the Duke in such a manner that it was a wonder the Duke, with his violent temper, did not chastise him on the spot. So, to everybody's delight, M. de Saint-Jacques' rudeness was replaced by the pleasantness and good-temper of General de Lambot, and the Duke acquired a devoted friend, as well as an active and faithful servant, besides adding a pleasant man to his intimate circle.

In the latter respect, the Duke's household was singularly well composed. There were M. and Mme. de Choulot, M. and Mme. de Flassans, M. and Mme. de Laville-Gonthier, whose son, Ferdinand de Laville-Gonthier, had charming manners and played the part of a Lovelace in the palace; there was M. de Préjean,

MARSHAL GÉRARD

APPOINTED BY THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT TO DEFEND PARIS

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etc., but none of them had so exclusive a devotedness to the Duke's glory as did General de Lambot.

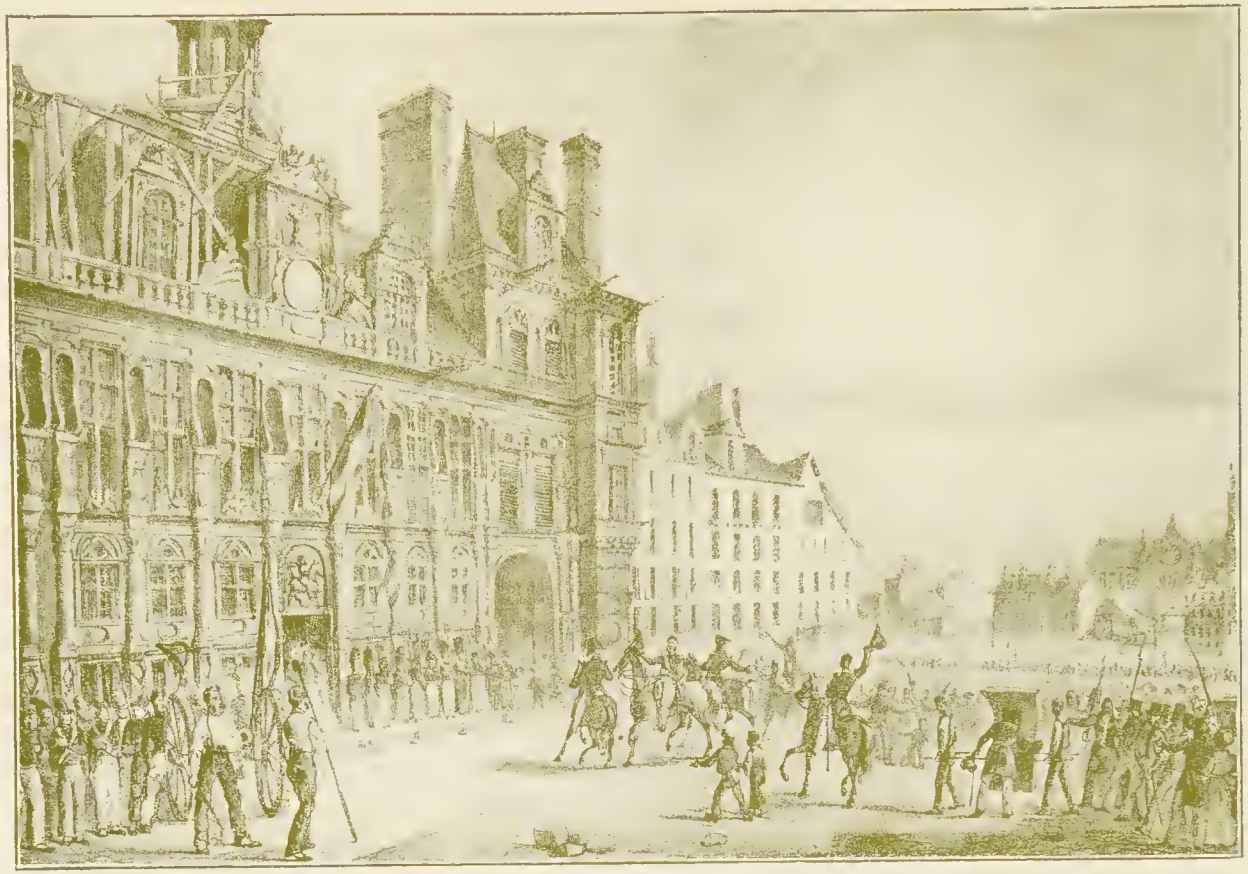
The latter gave proof of his attachment to the Duke by earnestly insisting on his adopting a Prince of Naples, brother of the Duchess of Berry, and his nephew. This adoption would have given the young Prince a strong and useful support. The General referred the matter to Charles X, as I have already mentioned, but he met with decided opposition on the part of those who should have welcomed the idea with enthusiasm!

Whereupon he turned his gaze towards Sicily, where there still remained a chance of saving the great name of Condé from extinction, and the Duke of Aumale was chosen. But on this occasion the Duke of Bourbon showed how much his character had changed and grown sour as a result of his misfortunes. He dreaded giving his signature as though he was giving away his life. M. de Surval, his estate-manager, heard him say the most extraordinary things on the subject. "What will happen to me when I've given my signature . . . ?" said the Duke to M. de Surval. . . . In the end, on August 30, 1829, he made the famous will, by which the Duke of Aumale became the heir to a fortune of more than sixty millions!

General de Lambot's conduct in both the affairs I have mentioned, and in which I followed him step by step, was honourable and splendid. Many people have spoken about him without knowing him. That is rather a defect of us French people . . . ! But the *defect* becomes a capital fault, when levity causes an erroneous judgment to be passed on a man whose conduct places him on a high level.

The domestic life of the Duke was very unhappy, owing perhaps to his old age. . . . In the end, he wanted to go away. For what motive, I do not know for certain. But that he wished to go away, I have no doubt, and I was told so by Manoury, his confidential valet, who was entrusted with the task of finding a way of leaving Saint Leu without anybody knowing. I have heard Manoury, and truth could not have a better voice. He had been the sad and silent witness of many sorrows that filled the Duke's heart with great misery. He told me that Mme. de Feuchères forced the Duke to unseal his letters before her . . . ! He was in the habit of going down to the Baroness's apartment before dinner in order to take her to the salon. This custom ceased a few days before his death. Manoury believes, so he told me, that the breaking off of the custom was due to political differences.

It is quite certain that, having experienced the Revolution of 1789, the Duke of Bourbon dreaded another upheaval and was anxious to leave France. All these reasons helped him to make up his mind to leave Saint-Leu without anybody knowing. A friend of Mme. de Feuchères told me the other day that the Duke would have taken the Baroness with him. I do not think so. I feel quite certain that the Duke loved Mme. de Feuchères very much, but time had done its work on that sentiment as on everything connected with human nature. He *feared her;* but one does not fear what one loves; one fears to displease, but one does not fear the object of one's love. Besides, by reason of *the thing's having been, the thing was no more*. . . .



LOUIS-PHILIPPE, LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE KINGDOM
ARRIVING AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, 31ST JULY, 1830

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The Duke had asked for a very large sum of money, which M. de Surval brought him. It was a million in bank notes. He then handed the million back to M. de Surval. The latter wished to give him the receipt.

"No, no!" said the Duke. "Keep it. *I consider the million as being always at my disposal.*"

Three plans for departure were formed, all three mysterious and secret, for the Duke was afraid of the people.

One that was to have been carried out in August arranged for a journey to the waters at Bourbonne, followed by a return to Chantilly, which was to take place on August 27, instead of August 31, as at first arranged. Being alone in the Duke's confidence, Manoury shirked the responsibility, and told the Duke that he had been unable to get horses without declaring his name.

The putting off of the journey through Manoury's timidity led to terrible consequences.

Thus were matters at the Château de Saint-Leu on August 26, 1830, when M. de Cossé arrived there in the morning. His attachment to the exiled family revived the painful feelings which had almost died down in the Duke of Bourbon's heart. There seems to have been a sort of scene in which M. de Cossé spoke very warmly of the unhappy fate of the proscribed princes, and recalled with considerable vehemence the touching fate of the Duke of Bordeaux. The Duke of Bourbon was upset for the rest of the day. He looked for General de Lambot and even went to his room . . . he seemed to want to talk to him.

Unhappily M. de Cossé happened to be there. M. de Lambot had to return to Paris that morning.

"Stay," the Duke said to him, "M. de Cossé will take you with him this evening. In this way you will both remain to dinner."

Which was done.

I mention all this in order to prove that M. de Cossé's visit may have determined the Duke to leave France, but not to commit suicide. I knew and still know a great number of persons who spent their life with the Duke, and who declare that there was nothing in his character or temperament to incline him to suicide. . . .

At nine o'clock in the evening, he showed signs of impatience because M. de Cossé's horses were not harnessed. When they were at last harnessed, he accompanied M. de Cossé and General de Lambot as far as the steps and saw them get into the carriage.

On his return he played whist, during which he was rather merry, and retired at half-past eleven. He went to bed after telling M. Bonnie, his surgeon, and Comte, the valet, to come to him at eight o'clock in the morning.

On knocking at the door next morning, they received no answer. The door was locked on the inside . . . ! At ten o'clock they broke open the door. The Duke was discovered hanging from the top of the window frame.

Manoury told me what the room looked like . . . in the dying light of a candle set in the fire-place and shielded by a screen that plunged the room into darkness and only gave out occasional flashes of light. It

LOUIS-PHILIPPE, DUKE OF ORLEANS, LEAVING THE HÔTEL DE VILLE
AFTER BEING PROCLAIMED LIEUTENANT GENERAL, 31ST JULY, 1830

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was in this almost sinister light that he caught sight of his master's body, upright and almost naked, leaning against one of the windows like somebody in the act of eavesdropping . . . ! Manoury is a man whose descriptive eloquence has the force of persuasion! You feel that he saw what he describes.

At present the police inquiry into the cause of the Duke's death has gone into the subject as far as one can. I will confine myself to saying that I, too, am not satisfied that the Duke of Bourbon's death was due to suicide. I will not pursue this subject, which is altogether too thorny from whatever side it is approached. In an eloquent brochure based on the simplest facts, General de Lambot states *on his word of honour* that he does not believe the Duke of Bourbon took his own life! This view is shared by *the entire household . . . !* Among the Duke's officers and their wives there is not a single voice that has not loudly proclaimed that *the Duke of Bourbon did not take his own life!*

Some of them base their opinion on the known principles of the Duke, others on the utter impossibility, in which his wounds placed him, of tying even a knot in a simple rope in order to moor a boat. His valets all declared that he was unable to tie his cravat not only on account of his being unable to use one of his hands through a sword wound received in the army of Condé, but also, owing to a fall while hunting in 1820, he was unable to raise his hat to anybody without his hat reaching for his hand and not his hand reaching for his hat.

In reading *Les Causes Célèbres*, one realises how human judgment can err in such circumstances. Let

us accuse nobody . . . at the same time, let us not accuse an unhappy old man of the great name of Condé, of having been weak in misfortune and putting an end to his life, when perhaps his mind was thinking of nothing else but the necessity of going to the aid of those who were exiled and proscribed . . . ! A mysterious veil covers the tomb of the last of the Condés . . . ! Let us pray before it with a holy respect, and let us not accuse the last of that illustrious branch of a weakness unworthy of his name.

At the time of the inquiry I was living at l'Abbaye-au-Bois, and took a great interest in passing events. I saw again all my Empire friends and a great number of my social acquaintances of 1815 and 1816. We had had a thrill of hope for the Duke of Reichstadt, but it was shortlived. I was still unaware of all that we had had to suffer by the defection of so many hearts that should have remained true. . . . I had started to write my memoirs and put my notes in order, when the Saint-Leu disaster offered another subject for my pen; how could I not have sought to know everything that would throw light on the affair . . . ? It entailed a long and painful study. The sinister veil thrown over the catafalque is too heavy to-day to allow of its being lifted up . . . but a day will come when the truth of that tragedy will be known. Heaven is just . . . !

I myself had a serious cause for sorrow in the plight of the Archbishop, who was in flight . . . ! He reminded me very much of St. Francis of Sales, yet he was accused by the people and forced to flee! M. de Quelen! the man whose apostolic voice had so often

PRINCE DE CONDÉ

DIED IN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES AT SAINT LEU, AUGUST 27TH, 183[illegible]

To face p. 192

brought Christian consolation to bitter griefs in the very chapel of the Archbishop's palace, which the wild fury of the people had now profaned! He had been obliged to abandon a refuge sanctified by the virtues of the priest and the man of the world. . . . It grieved me to think of the plight of my Apostolic father, whose hand had brought me back into the path of faith, whose consoling words had reconciled me with myself. . . . I wept over so great an injustice. . . . I wrote to him from the fulness of my heart, and told him how indignant I was to see him so misjudged. . . . What a letter he sent me in reply! What an admirable piece of Christian eloquence, simple, naïve even!

"What's this?" he said. "You allow yourself to be carried away by anger . . . ? But do you know it is not Christian . . . ! Why pity me for having suffered or for suffering in the service of Jesus Christ . . . ? Besides, the grudge was not directed against me personally, but against the priest and prelate, and I was only too glad to be there to receive the blows. . . .

"My friends' opinions are divided as to what I ought to do regarding the unworthy, mendacious insults with which the walls of Paris are covered and the streets resound. Some have wished me to reply, but I prefer to hold my peace. It was with silence that our Divine Master replied to the outrages that were heaped upon Him. I am glad to imitate Him and to suffer according to His example. . . .

"A few more days, Madame la duchesse, whether in prosperity or misfortune, in happiness or suffering,

and a day will come, unknown to all but God alone, when we shall pass to an everlasting contentment, if, we have led a Christian life . . . ! How great and luminous a truth to meditate upon . . . ! Let us fix our mind upon it, etc."

There breathes throughout this letter, which I am unable to write out in full, a naïveté so suave and Christ-like, that I could not omit giving this extract, insufficient as it is, in order to give a glimpse of the Archbishop of Paris to those who are unfortunate enough not to know him.

Alas! an unhappy event occurred a few months later, on February 14. . . . The Royalists had counted on a revolution for that day. The things that happened were just what might have been expected on a Shrove Tuesday! May God forgive those who dreamed that a revolution was possible! What was the result of that ill-founded belief? The sacking of the Archbishop's palace! The violation of a sanctuary, and the further wrecking of a Party, for I doubt whether a harder blow was ever inflicted on the Party of Charles X. Even those of the Party who followed its path with caution and were ready to come out into the open, withdrew for ever at the sight of the wild lack of foresight of the ones and the too great circumspection of the others. . . .

* * * * *

I will go no farther, my intention being not to go beyond the trial of the Ministers.

This famous trial was prepared with great activity. It was desired to get everything over before the new

CASIMIR PÉRIER

PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN HIS ROBES OF OFFICE

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year. The confectioners wanted to sell their sweetmeats, the tradespeople their seasonable wares, and as the tradesman-people was then the sovereign-people, and wished to enjoy itself, it was not to have any uneasiness in that respect. . . . But the Government was very uneasy about the result of the trial. The people's exasperation was at its last limit, especially against M. de Polignac; the signing of the Ordinances was a crime which the people could not forgive him. . . .

The arrested ministers were four: M. de Polignac, M. de Peyronnet, M. de Guernon-Ranville, and M. de Chantelauze, who had every reason to be surprised at finding himself in a peril, which, judging from his tastes, was not of his own seeking.

The grave position of the accused Ministers seemed to demand that they should be transferred to the Luxembourg Palace in order to avoid a constant taking to and fro that might lead to a catastrophe. Accordingly a prison was constructed for the accused men in a part of the Luxembourg called Le Petit Luxembourg.

This prison was made with all the care that would have been spent on a fortress. A friend of mine, a peer of France, to whom I spoke regarding this way of showing such unseemly fears, gave me the reply:

"It is for their defence and not because there is any fear of them."

I saw from this remark that it was feared lest too much power had been given to the people. The latter was now eager for victims, and called out for them in a loud voice in order to assert the power which it trembled to see slipping from its hands.

When I saw what there was to be feared, I trembled, and showed my fear. . . .

"Don't worry," said my friend to me, "nobody wishes for any further trouble. . . ."

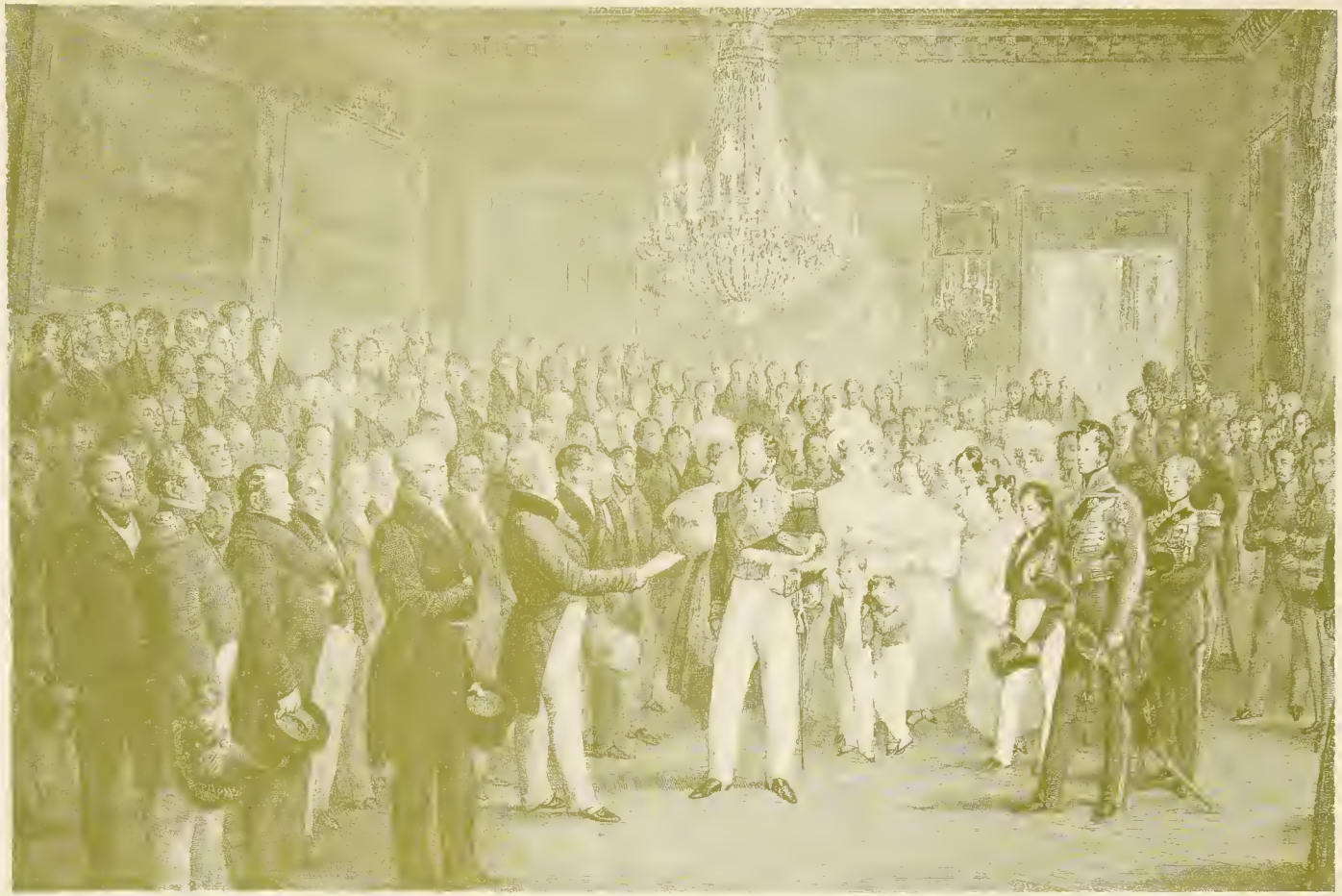
"But does everybody in the Ministry think so . . . ?"

He did not reply. . . . His silence distressed me. I knew that the peers would behave nobly, but would the people, puffed up with the knowledge of its power, behave in the same way . . . ? I feared the contrary.

M. de Polignac, according to my information, behaved towards his judges as he did towards France during his ministry; he was a gentleman but understood nothing: he stared with wide-opened eyes at every question, and did not reply to it till the following day. M. de Guernon-Ranville, who was ridiculed in popular songs, is an enlightened man of great courage. His noble conduct during the trial deserves to be known. He could often have used certain means of defence that would have been of great advantage to him, but, rather than compromise his colleagues, he maintained a fine and honourable reserve.

M. de Peyronnet showed up in a very becoming light during the trial. Arrested, or rather, delivered up by a man who was cowardly enough to take revenge for an injury by no means certain, M. de Peyronnet behaved admirably during all those perilous days.

But M. de Chantelauze . . . ! Where did the man come from . . . ? How came he to be in that skiff launched on a raging sea . . . ? No doubt he put the same question to himself.



7TH AUGUST, 1830

LAFITTE, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, PRESENTING TO THE DUKE OF ORLEANS THE OFFICIAL DOCUMENT CALLING HIM TO THE THRONE, AND THE CHARTER OF 1830

The Petit Luxembourg was the residence of Monsieur from 1789 to 1791, when he left France. He went to reside there when the Court left Versailles for Paris, for Monsieur was living at Versailles as all the Royal Family. The Directoire came to the Luxembourg, and later, the Consulship, was there for a few weeks. Then came Julie, Queen of Naples, later of Spain, and wife of Joseph. She lived at Le Petit Luxembourg.

Between the two buildings is a court which the Emperor called Marengo, perhaps in order to blot out the unpleasant memory of the half-hour which the Directoire made him pass in that court when, with head bared before the five kings who then presided over France, he brought them the treaty of Campo Formio, the treaty which made the French Republic one of the strongest of the great powers of the world . . . !

M. de Talleyrand, the Foreign Minister at the time, made a speech to Napoleon such as flattery had never before invented . . . ! At that time he was still one of the disciples of the Messiah, and Judas had not yet given the treacherous kiss!

Nothing was more threatening than the aspect of the prison of the accused Ministers. The windows were not only protected with iron bars, but the interstices were filled with very close ironwork, while the lower parts were covered with wooden louvres. The furniture was simple but suitable. A stove in the middle of the room, mahogany pieces of furniture, white curtains, a writing table and a chest of drawers were quite decent furniture for a prison. All the doors were of oak four inches thick. There was a sentry

at each door, and a pane of glass was put in the doors on a level with the warder's eyes so that he might observe the least movement of the prisoner . . . ! It is right to mention, to the honour of the National Guard, that it refused to undertake the office of *warder-spy*, and the task was given to the Municipal Guard.

One of the military chiefs who had custody of the prisoners was Colonel Feisthamel, one of those men whose type was so numerous in the glorious days of the Empire. He was a man of honour, courage and resolution.

M. Lavocat, lieutenant-colonel of the National Guard, ex-officer of the Imperial Guard, was a pupil of the Military School of Fontainebleau or St. Cyr, and he was at that time, I believe, a tanner in the Faubourg St. Michel. He had won his spurs and did not like the Restoration. He had taken part in the conspirations of 1820 and 1823, and had fled to Spain to save his head. . . . And in the July revolt he fought as the very last journeyman might have done—I will not say journalist.

The Municipal Guard was commanded by M. Bailly.

In the night of December 9-10, Count de Montalivet, accompanied by General Fabvier, commandant of Paris, M. Alphonse Foy, M. Lavocat and M. Thomas, representing the National Guard, went to Vincennes to fetch the prisoners to the Luxembourg. It was an anxious moment, but it turned out peaceful. From that day the conduct of Count de Montalivet was so splendid that I cannot omit to relate what I know in order that he may be loved and honoured by his fellow countryman as his father was.

THE ARREST OF POLIGNAC

"MY GOOD FRIENDS, I TELL YOU THAT I AM AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN NOTHING BUT A LACKEY.

"YES, WELLINGTON AND COMPANY'S! COME ON! MARCH! YOU'VE GOT SUCH A SILLY, FAMILY LOOK THAT YOU CAN'T BE ANYBODY BUT POLIGNAC."

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Only three of the accused Ministers were able to follow M. de Montalivet. M. de Chantelauze was suffering from rheumatic pains which prevented him from going with his colleagues. . . . It is always unpleasant to be in pain, but in such circumstances the misfortune is twice as great. . . . M. de Chantelauze arrived in Paris the same evening in a carriage without armorial bearings or livery.

I was living, as I have said, at l'Abbaye-au-Bois. Being so near the Luxembourg, I often went about the neighbourhood to see how things were turning out. I went to see one of my intimate friends, Baroness de F—, as well as M. D—, and to take a rest at their house after the emotion which I always felt at the sight of the immense crowd surrounding the Palace in a silence and stupor that were frightful. One felt that the clap of thunder which had made those thousands of heads look up, was only the forerunner of a terrible storm! Its hollow, threatening rumble was already in the air, and sometimes I feared the fatal moment had arrived.

The conduct of M. de Martignac was very fine on this memorable occasion. Though dying with the long and painful agony associated with his disease, M. de Martignac offered his services to the men who had wrought his downfall . . . ! One of them had jeered at him in his misfortune . . . ! Nevertheless, he overlooked everything and pleaded for him. Honour to the memory of M. de Martignac! May the earth rest light upon him . . . !

The other advocates were MM. Crémieux, Hennequin, Vertany and Sauzet. All four wore their robes,

and were seated on benches covered with purple velvet.

Every day I saw friends who kept me informed of the course of this interesting affair, and I also received news through the friends of Madame Récamier, whose salon was always filled with persons taking a direct interest in the events of the day. Several times a day I went up to Madame Récamier's apartment, and always found her in the midst of company, and as perfect as ever, and more anxious for her friends than for herself!

"I wish M. de Polignac were a little less pale," said to me a friend of mine who was able to get away from the Chamber for a moment. "He has such a hang-dog look that you would take him for a criminal."

Another bad impression—shared by all who came from the trial on the 16th—was due to the mysteriousness in which M. de Polignac seemed to wrap himself at the cross-examination by pleading the secrecy of the King's Council. This manner of putting all responsibility on to an absent person, especially when the latter is an old, proscribed and unfortunate king, was condemned by everybody as improper and culpable. Yet he was not afraid. It was not the sentiment of fear that dominated him. He believed he was destined to be a martyr. Cardinal de Latil had worked the miracle of getting people to believe in miracles; the fashion came in with the miraculous cross at Migné.

The peers behaved with dignity in this affair. When they entered the Chamber on December 15, their countenances proclaimed the sorrow with which they approached their task as judges. . . . The

examining Commissioners were MM. de Bastard, Séguier, Count de Pontécoulant, Duke Decazes and Portalis. They sat at the president's desk.

The testimony of some of the witnesses against M. de Polignac was terrible and crushing! The testimony of Baron de La Rue, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Ragusa, would have sufficed alone to condemn him. Still shaken with the indignation he felt as a man of honour, as friend of his General, and as a Frenchman, Baron de La Rue blamed M. de Polignac for his fatal obstinacy and for constantly hindering the Marshal from acting in the right way!

M. de Polignac wished to speak himself. He spoke with all the charm of diction that belongs to good society, but was of very little use in those circumstances. M. de Peyronnet came off better than M. de Polignac. He aroused a kind of emotion, and some listeners were on the verge of tears. . . . It was obvious that the balance was in favour of the accused Ministers.

"All the better!" I exclaimed. "We shall not see a drop of blood on the beautiful white robe of the new freedom of July . . . !"

As I was saying this in the salon of Mme. de F—, two friends of ours came in. One of them looked very pale.

"I advise you to leave for Versailles this evening," he said to me. "You might be in danger. To-morrow, Paris may be the scene of another bloody revolution."

"Good Heavens! for what reason?"

"The Ministers are condemned by the people. The peers want to save them, but the people intend to see that they are sentenced."

I clasped my hands and fell overwhelmed into a chair. Mme. de F—, the best and noblest of women, sobbed as she listened to this piece of news.

"But are you sure of what you say?"

"I came through the dense crowd at the Luxembourg and heard everything. . . . What expressions . . . ! What sentiments . . . ! Not at all like those of July . . . ! If the Court acquits the ministers, I believe their life will be in danger, and so will the life of the peers. I heard the most dreadful threats. . . ."

"But the National Guard . . . !"

"The National Guard is also against the Ministers, at least a part is. . . ."

"And . . ."

I could not finish the sentence . . . I was too horrified . . . ! How terrible a massacre would be . . . ! And who would be the victims, good Lord . . . ! Honest but misguided men . . . !

I went home and found several friends waiting for me. The news was always the same, however much the opinions differed. I went up to see Madame Récamier. I found the same anxiety and the same news. M. Augustin Périer came frequently with fresh reports, but they were not re-assuring. Everybody feared a catastrophe!

At last the day of the sentence came. On the previous day, M. de Martignac had spoken on behalf of M. de Polignac with a brilliancy that was all the more remarkable because it brought about the triumph of a cause which the nation detested. . . . He spoke on the 18th; on the following day,

MAYEUX, NATIONAL GUARD

(Bronze Candlestick)

MAYEUX, A PATRIOTIC HUNCHBACK, WAS A CURIOUS POPULAR FIGURE

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M. de Polignac spoke on behalf of himself and his colleagues.

An interesting episode occurred in the midst of so many interesting things. M. de Guernon-Ranville had chosen a very young man to defend him. This was M. Crémieux, who was remarkably gifted, and had a noble, generous heart, and a large-minded outlook. Beneath the black robe of the lawyer beat the heart of a man capable of the strongest emotions. It may be dangerous in the legal profession, but it can also be the source of the greatest and finest inspirations. He was working himself up in the defence of his client, when to his great surprise, M. de Guernon-Ranville silenced him by saying that he wished to have no more of the system of defence that had been adopted till then! Surprised by this unexpected change, and obliged to improvise, and realising perhaps that the fate of his client was thereby endangered, M. Crémieux was seized with so powerful an emotion that he fell down in a faint and was unable to continue. He was carried out of court.

Meanwhile great excitement reigned throughout the court, even during the deliberations. Notes were passed round from hand to hand, warning the peers that the people were coming *en masse* to attack the Luxembourg. . . . The president seemed to look anxious. At last, having received a note that filled him with alarm, he rose and said in a shaken voice that the Commandant of the National Guard warned him that it would be dangerous to prolong the assembly.

Everybody knows how the peers took to their heels rather than they took their departure, and how they

passed through the garden and the same gateway through which they had made Marshal Ney pass to his death . . . ! Retributive justice . . . !

Meanwhile the excitement increased. M. de Montalivet, who was at the Luxembourg, made up his mind to save the Ministers. In order to do so, it was necessary, in the first place, to get hold of them, and that was no easy matter. He could not get them from the gaoler, since they were under his guard. M. de Montalivet wrote to M. Laffitte, who happened to be at the Tuileries in order to have the signature of a colleague, his own not being sufficient. There must be two other signatures beside his own. M. Laffitte replied that he was *alone*, and could not give his signature for an *illegal thing*. . . . Left in the lurch by his colleague in the height of the storm, M. de Montalivet approached M. Pasquier, who, as president of the House of Peers, was able to do what M. de Montalivet desired. . . . He refused.

"It's not my business," he said to him.

Thrown back upon his own resources, M. de Montalivet did not lose heart. "Is it possible," he said to himself, "that the beautiful and holy Revolution of July is to become blood-stained and cruel . . . ! It seems as though the 1830 Revolution is to have its 21st December as one talks nowadays of 2nd September, 1792 . . . ! No! As long as a drop of blood flows in my veins, not a drop of the accused men's blood shall stain the soil of France. . . ."

And the noble young man sought out M. Lavocat, the commandant of the National Guard at the Luxembourg. His appeal met with a ready response in the

THE RABBIT-SKIN MERCHANT

"LOOK, NIPPER! I WOULDN'T GIVE FIVE SOUS FOR THE SKIN OF THOSE RABBITS."

Contemporary lithograph

heart of the Commandant, who promised to do all in his power to help him. But how were they to get hold of the prisoners? How were they to get them out . . . ? M. de Montalivet set about the task in his own way.

He ordered his carriage with four horses and footmen in full livery, and a saddle horse for himself. He put on ordinary Bourgeois dress without decoration. He had his carriage driven to the door of the Petit Luxembourg that opens on to the narrowest part of the Rue de Vaugirard, almost opposite the Rue Garancière. Having taken these precautions he asked for the gaoler. . . .

"You know who I am?" he said to him.

"No, sir."

"I am Count de Montalivet, the Minister for Home Affairs."

The gaoler made no reply.

"Do you know what I want of you?"

"No, monseigneur."

"I want you to hand over the prisoners to me."

"I cannot do so, monseigneur."

"It is necessary in order to save their lives."

"But my head answers for my fidelity. I cannot give them up except on an order from the president of the Chamber or the Council."

M. de Montalivet was quite aware of this, but knew what he was about.

"Will you obey me?" he asked once again.

"I cannot, monseigneur."

M. de Montalivet made a sign. Four men took hold of the gaoler and obliged him to open the

prisoners' door. Perhaps he insisted on this formality in order to shelter himself. . . . M. de Montalivet, however, gave him a proper discharge. Noble young man! Who would not be proud to be his mother . . . !

M. de Montalivet then said to M. Lavocat:

"With the Guard room full of National Guards, how are we going to get rid of them?"

"Impossible! But don't tell the prisoners anything. Set about the matter straight away and you will succeed."

M. de Montalivet entered the prisoners' room, but refrained from telling them what his intentions were.

"Gentlemen, you must follow me," he said to M. de Polignac and M. de Peyronnet. "And without delay."

M. de Polignac rose immediately with a look of resignation, convinced that he was going to his execution or to be delivered to the populace. He made the sign of the cross and replied in a calm voice:

"I am ready."

M. de Peyronnet was, as usual, resolute and ready for everything, M. de Guernon-Ranville was proper. But M. de Chantelauze . . . ! No doubt he was suffering from rheumatism . . . but he was more afflicted with the dread of death than with the pains of rheumatism. He had the look of stupor peculiar to people who are on their way to the scaffold. He had to be held up. His room happened to be the last one through which the prisoners passed before reaching the guard-room occupied by the National Guard, and which opened on to a long corridor, known as the Arcole corridor.

POLIGNAC.

Agé de 50 ans.

LES VOEUX DU PEUPLE
SUR POLIGNAC

Air : Gouverne à la victoire

Un roi bigot par caractère,
Après s'être enfin fait sacrer,
Prit le surnom de *Sanguinaire*,
Les nous fesant tous massacrer;
Ses ministres, remplis d'audace,
Nous ont écrasés sur la place
Mon cher Polignac
Avec ton ami Mac,
Tu crains maintenant, le cœur te bat
Tic-tac,
Que jamais ne se fasse. *bis.*

Sans vouloir aggraver vos peines,
Du sang que vous fites couler,
Celui qui passe dans mes veines
Me force aujourd'hui de parler.
Ministère rempli d'audace,
Du sang versé l'on voit la trace.
Mon cher Polignac, etc.

Hélas! dans ce jour de carnage
La mitraille pleurait sur nous;
Si nous eûmes perdu courage
On nous préparait d'autres coups'
O ministère rempli d'audace,
Du sang versé l'on voit la trace.

GUERNON-RANVILLE.

Agé de 42 ans.

LE JUGEMENT DES MINISTRES,

OU LES VICTIMES

des 27, 28 et 29 juillet

Air connu.

Vils suppôts d'une ame infernale,
Traître de haute trahison,
Il faut à cette capitale,
Faire votre confession.
Vos exécrables ordonnances,
Pour le massacre exécuté,
Témoin de toutes nos vengeances.
Le ciel même en est irrité. (*bis*

Refrain.

Tremblez, tremblez, monstres chargés de crimes,
Tremblez vous le sang de toutes vos victimes
Qui crient du sein des tombeaux
Punissez nos lâches bourreaux.

Après avoir de notre France,
Pillé les trésors et les biens
Dans l'esclavage et la souffrance
Vous voulûtes voir les citoyens.
Vous fîtes égorger nos femmes
Et mitrailler tous nos enfans;
Mais malgré vos projets infâmes,
Nous avons vaincu nos tyrans.
Tremblez, tremblez, etc.

CHANTELAUZE.

Agé de 40 ans.

LE DRAPEAU TRICOLORE

Air de Doniatowski

Le sont souillé du sang de leurs victimes
Il sont tombés et non pas su mourir.
Epouvanté de l'accès de leurs crimes.
Devant les fers et ne savent que fuir.
Honneur à toi premier peuple du monde
Qui dans trois jours à subtiser tes ers.
A laissé cette leçon féconde.
Instruira l'univers. (*bis*

Ressaisi encore un peu à la lumière.
Toi que la mort a trop tôt moissonné,
Ses trois rubans à notre bienfaitrice
Sont-elle unis à ton œil étoilé.
Vois en drapeau, vieux compagnon de gloire,
Que l'étranger abattit à tes pieds.
Sur nos clochers planté par la victoire.
Il brille dans les cieux. (*bis*

Gothique agent de la sainte alliance.
Viens l'arracher une troisième fois.
Viens de nouveau faire trembler la France.
Sous tes soldats et la ligue des rois.
Viens à l'abri d'un mur de baïonnettes,

PEYRONNET.

Agé de 52 ans.

LA GRANDE AFFAIRE DU JOUR

Air : Je veux être un chien

Dis donc ma commère Levasseur,
Tous ces ministres de malheur
Sont enfin dans la capitale.
Ils sont arrivés l'autre jour
Dès l'grand matin au Luxembourg
Nous verrons l'progrès
De c'fameux procès.
Depuis si longtemps qu'on en parle

Les jésuites ont le nez bien plat
De voir les fils de Loyola
Enfoncés dans la souricière
Ils espéraient, tous ces calfats,
Qu'ils reviendraient un peu plus tard
Avec l'ex-gi-leut
Charles Dix-neuf
Empocher notre numéraire.

Les plus coupables en effet,
C'est Polignac et Peyronnet.
Et c'gueux d'Mangin qu'est dans la Suisse:
Si on rattrapait celui là
Il y a tant beau sur d'y sauter l'pas
Espérons qu'un jour
Il aura son tour,

PORTRAIT OF THE MINISTERS
POPULAR SONGS DEALING WITH THEIR FAULTS

To face p. 200

M. de Montalivet went first, followed by M. de Polignac murmuring prayers, and M. de Peyronnet with his head erect and a steady eye.

"Gentlemen," said M. de Montalivet of a sudden as he entered the guard-room in which were twenty-five National Guards, "Here are the accused Ministers whom I give over to your loyalty."

He kept on walking as he spoke and quickened the step of those who were following him. They soon crossed the guard-room through the midst of two rows of astonished National Guards. M. Lavocat followed.

Palpitating with emotion, M. de Montalivet reached the end of the Arcole corridor. He quickened his step still more and got to his carriage at last. The foot-board was lowered and a couple of footmen stood ready. M. de Polignac went out first. It was already night and the street was almost empty at that spot. The four Ministers got into the carriage and the door was closed. M. de Montalivet mounted his horse, the coachman whipped up the horses, and the carriage was soon passing rapidly through the crowds of people shouting and demanding the death of the victims it had condemned, but who were saved by the noble generosity of a Frenchman's heart . . . ! All honour to him . . . !

During these events we were gathered together in the salon of Madame Récamier, trembling with fear, not only for the unfortunate prisoners but for ourselves as well, l'Abbaye-au-Bois being so near the Luxembourg. M. Augustin Périer kept coming and going all the time with news; but nothing was reassuring. . . . Mme. de Boyne, Mme. Récamier

and myself were all very anxious and excited. . . . At last, shortly after six o'clock, a domestic brought a letter to Mme. Récamier.

"Rejoice! They are saved! I have just seen them pass by my windows. Let us thank God . . . !"

The letter was from M. de Chateaubriand.

Taken to Vincennes and saved from the fury of the Paris mob, the Ministers almost came to a bad end later on, as they were going to Ham. . . . At Compiègne the fury of the mob was so great that force had to be used to restrain their violence . . . ! They wanted to throw the Ministers into the Oise . . . ! At last, however, they were saved! May Heaven be praised . . . ! At least we shall not have to blush before posterity for the ignominy of striking those who were weak and unfortunate.

THE END.

To face p. 208

LEXICON OF NAMES

Ambrugeac (*Count d'*), peer of France, Lieutenant-General.

Angoulême (*Duchess of*), 1778-1851, daughter of Louis XVI, wife of the Duke of Angoulême, son of Charles X, Dauphin of France.

Apponyi (*Mme.*), Austrian Ambassadress in Paris.

Audry de Puyravault, 1783-1852, politician; took an active part in the Revolution of 1830.

Auger, 1772-1829, man of letters, member of the Academy in 1826; committed suicide in 1829 following attacks by the Liberal press.

Baour-Lormian, 1770-1854, man of letters, member of the French Academy; attached to the Restoration party.

Barante (*de*), 1782-1866, man of politics and letters, peer of France; was part of the Opposition under the Restoration. The July monarchy appointed him ambassador in Turin.

Barrot (*Odilon*), 1791-1873, president of the famous society "Help yourself, and Heaven will help you," founded in 1827; secretary of the Municipal Commission at the Hôtel de Ville. Appointed by Louis-Philippe to accompany Charles X to Cherbourg; on his return was appointed Préfet de la Seine.

Barthélemy, 1796-1867, poet, prosecuted on account of his writings by the Government of Charles X and liberated by the Revolution of 1830. He founded shortly afterwards his celebrated satirical and historical journal *La Némésis*.

Baude, 1792-1862, politician and editor of Opposition newspapers under the Restoration; signed the Protest against the July Ordinances.

Bavoux, 1774-1848, Opposition deputy under the Restoration. The July Government appointed him Prefect of police.

Berry (*Duchess of*), 1798-1870, wife of the Duke of Berry, second son of Charles X, mother of the Duke of Bordeaux "the miracle child."

Bonald (*Vicomte de*), 1754-1840, Legitimist politician, member of the French Academy and peer of France; abandoned politics after 1830.

Bordeaux (*Duke of*), 1820-1883, afterwards Comte de Chambord, posthumous child of the Duke of Berry, second son of Charles X, last representative of the elder branch of the Bourbons.

Bouilly, 1763-1842, author of many plays.

Bourdeau, 1770-1845, politician, deputy for Haute Vienne; Keeper of the Seals in 1829, peer of France under Louis-Philippe.

Bourmont (*de*), 1773-1846, Marshal of France, War Minister in the Polignac Cabinet. In July 1830, commanded the expedition in Algeria.

Broé (*de*), Attorney General at the Court of Appeal.

Canning, 1770-1827, English statesman; became minister after the suicide of Castlereagh (1822) and gave a Liberal course to English policy.

Castlereagh (*Lord*), 1769-1822, Foreign Minister in England from 1812-1822.

Cavaignac, 1801-1845, politician, who at the time of the Restoration was one of the young men whose ideal was the salvation of France by a Republic. Fought at the July barricades and took part in the popular ferment in October 1830.

Cayla (*Mme. de*), 1754-1850, had extreme power over Louis XVIII and favoured the extremists.

Chabrol (*de*), 1771-1836, politician, peer of France, Minister of Finances in the Polignac Cabinet; retired into private life after 1830.

Chantelauze (*de*), 1787-1859 Keeper of the Seals in Polignac Ministry, he was one of the signatories of the Ordinances. Condemned to perpetual detention at the trial of the Ministers, he was pardoned in 1837.

Chateaubriand, 1768-1848, celebrated writer, peer of France; fought the Villèle Ministry and the notorious Bill "of Justice and Love." Unwilling to recognise the July monarchy, he resigned his peerage.

Constant (*Benjamin*), 1767-1830, politician and writer, member of the Opposition under the Restoration. Louis-Philippe appointed him President of the Council of State.

Comnène (*Prince Démétrius*), 1767-1830, uncle of the Duchess of Abrantès, General and historian.

Corbière (*de*), 1767-1853, Minister of State in the Villèle Cabinet, keen in the work of counter-revolution, and cause of the dismissal of the National Guard in 1827, and of the dissolution of the Chamber. Created peer of France by Charles X, he was deprived of the peerage after 1830.

Cossé-Brissac (*de*), gentleman-in-waiting to the Duchess of Berry, whom he followed into exile.

Courier (*Paul-Louis*), 1772-1825, celebrated pamphleteer, whose writings were very popular under the Restoration.

Courvoisier, 1776-1835, Minister of Justice in the Polignac Cabinet; resigned May 19, 1830, in order not to be associated with the coup d'etat that was being prepared.

Cousin (*Victor*), 1792-1867, celebrated professor whose teaching at the Sorbonne had a great influence on University youth in the reign of Charles X.

Crémieux, 1796-1880, lawyer and politician, who defended Guernon-Ranville at the trial of the Ministers.

Curial (*General*), 1774-1827, took part in the Spanish expedition under Marshal Moncey, and died of a fall from his horse at the Coronation of Charles X.

Cuvier, 1769-1832, naturalist, who occupied many official posts under the Restoration but refused the office of Censor in 1827.

Dumas (*Marshal*), tutor of the Duke of Bordeaux.

Decazes (*Duke*), 1780-1860, minister under Louis XVIII, later ambassador to England. Fought the extremist party in the house of Peers and regretfully adhered to the July monarchy.

Decrès (Duke), 1761-1820, admiral and minister for the Marine for thirteen years under the Empire.

Dejean (General), 1780-1845, peer of France and entomologist.

Delavigne (Casimir), 1793-1843, poet and dramatic author, Librarian of Louis-Philippe at the Palais Royal. After 1830, he composed a song *Le Parisienne*, that for a while had the vogue of a new *Marseillaise*.

Dubourg (General), 1778-1850, kept in disgrace by the Restoration, he played a very active part in the July revolt, during which he was for some hours military dictator.

Dumoulin, 1776-1833, journalist, founder of *La Minerve Francaise*, which was very popular on account of its strong opposition to Charles X. He played a great rôle in 1830 and directed the mob towards the Hôtel de Ville.

Dupin (the elder), 1783-1865, official lawyer of the Liberal party, one of the promoters of the Address of the 221. Killed in the July revolt.

Duras (Duchess of), 1777-1828, published two novels, *Ourika* and *Edouard*, which had a great vogue.

Feuchères (Baroness de), 1795-1840, had a great influence over Prince de Bourbon-Condé. She persuaded him to make a will in favour of the Duke of Aumale, and in 1830 was accused of murdering the Prince.

Fitz-James (Duke de), 1776-1838, one of the most violent extremists. He approved the White Terror and the policy of the Villèle ministry.

Forbin-Janson (de), 1785-1844, French prelate who organised "Home Missions."

Foy (General), 1775-1825, celebrated orator, leader of the Liberal Opposition under the Restoration. His death was looked upon as a national calamity.

Frayssinous (de), 1765-1841, Bishop of Hermopolis *in partibus*, minister of public education under Louis XVIII, member of the French Academy and peer of France.

Frènilly (Marquis de), 1768-1848, one of the founders of *Le Conservateur*, ultra-Royalist newspaper, deputy for Loire Inferieure, councillor of State.

Garnier-Pagès (*Louis*), 1801-1841, began brilliantly at the Bar, one of the most active members of the society "Help yourself, and Heaven will help you." Took an active part on the July revolution.

Gérard (*General*), 1773-1852, deputy for Paris, member of the Municipal Commission of the Hôtel de Ville in July 1830. First War Minister under Louis-Philippe.

Gontaut (*Duchesse de*), 1772-1857, Governess of the Royal Children; followed the Royal Family into exile in 1830; left some curious memoirs.

Gourgaud (*General*), 1783-1852, followed Napoleon to St. Helena and helped him to prepare his memoirs.

Guernon-Ranville (*de*), 1787-1866, minister of Public Education in the Polignac Cabinet; fought the Address of the 221, and signed the Ordinances. Condemned to perpetual detention at the trial of the Ministers, he was released in 1836.

Guiche (*Duke of*), 1789-1855, Lieutenant-general, accompanied Charles X to Cherbourg and Scotland in 1830.

Guinard, 1799-1874, politician, took part in the Carbonarist and Liberal campaigns against the Bourbons; fought at the barricades in 1830 and was implicated in the April affair in 1834.

Guiraud, 1788-1847, man of letters, member of the French Academy.

Herbouville (*Marquis de*), 1756-1829, peer of France, one of the ultras, started the subscription to offer the château de Chambord to the posthumous son of the Duke of Berry.

Hermopolis (*see* Frayssinous).

Hyde de Neuville, 1776-1857, Minister for the Marine in the Martignac Cabinet, defended the Charter against the Polignac Cabinet.

Kératry (*Count de*), 1769-1859, writer and politician, deputy of the Liberal Opposition, one of the 221; appointed Councillor of State in 1830.

Laborde (*Count Alexandre de*), 1773-1842, deputy, one of the leaders of the movement against the Ordinances; later, aide-de-camp to Louis-Philippe and Préfet de la Seine.

La Bourdonnaie (*Count de*), 1767-1839, famous for his Legitimism, Minister for Home Affairs in the Polignac Cabinet; followed Charles X into exile.

Lacretelle (*de*), 1766-1855, writer and publicist; instigated the debates on the Press Bill in the Academy in 1827.

Laënnec (*Doctor*), 1781-1826, member of the Academy of Medicine professor at the Collège de France.

La Fayette (*de*), 1757-1834; after 1830, La Fayette commanded the National Guard.

La Ferronnays (*de*), ambassador to Russia from 1821-1828.

Laffitte, 1767-1844, financier and politician, deputy for Bayonne, had a decisive influence on the July events and made his house the headquarters of the Revolution. He was Minister of State in the first Cabinet formed by Louis-Philippe.

Lafont d'Auxonne (*Abbé*), 1770-1849, gave up the priesthood and entered a banking house; wrote history.

Lally-Tollendal (*de*), 1761-1830, peer of France, member of the French Academy; engaged in philanthropic works.

Lamarque (*General*), 1770-1832, very popular on account of his Liberalism, his funeral was the occasion of a democratic insurrection in 1832.

Lambot (*General*), aide-de-camp to the Duke of Bordeaux.

Lamennais (*Abbé*), 1782-1854, great churchman, whose influence contributed to the founding of *L'Avenir*, a newspaper published after 1830 for the defence of Roman Catholic interests.

Lamothe-Langon (*Baron de*), 1786-1864, writer, famous for numerous apocryphal memoirs that he published.

La Place (*Marquis*), 1749-1827, famous geometrician and astronomer, member of French Academy.

Lasteyrie (*Count de*), 1759-1849, publicist and philanthropist, one of the protagonists of lithography.

Latil (*de*), 1761-1839, Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, inspired the re-actionary policy of Charles X. Followed the King into exile and attended his death bed.

Lavocat, 1794-1860, colonel of the National Guard; appointed Higher Commandant of the Luxembourg by Louis-Philippe during the trial of the Ministers.

Lebrun, 1785-1873, poet, member of French Academy.

Lemercier (*Népomucène*), 1771-1840, writer and dramatic author, member of French Academy.

Lezay de Marnésia (*Count*), 1772-1857, Prefect of Loir-et-Cher from 1828 to 1848.

Lobau (*General Count de*), 1770-1838, deputy for La Meurthe, member of the Municipal Commission that seized power in July 1830 and resigned it to Louis-Philippe.

Magendie, 1783-1855, physiologist, member of the Academy of Science and Academy of Medicine, professor at the Collège de France.

Maison (*Maréchal*), 1771-1840, adhered to the July Monarchy and persuaded Charles X to leave France. After being Minister for Foreign Affairs for a few days, was appointed ambassador at Vienna.

Manuel 1775-1827, deputy of the Opposition, excluded from the Assembly on account of his violence. His funeral was the scene of a popular demonstration.

Maret (*Duke de Bassano*), 1763-1839, owing to his fidelity to Napoleon, was unable to return to France till 1820. Appointed peer of France by Louis-Philippe.

Marmont (*Marshal, Duke of Ragusa*), 1774-1852, in spite of his having betrayed the Napoleonic cause, Marmont did not get from the Restoration all that he had expected. Nevertheless he was entrusted with the suppression of the insurrection in 1830; after three days' fighting he withdrew to St. Cloud.

Mlle Mars, 1779-1847, one of the glories of the Comédie Française.

Martignac (*Vicomte de*), 1776-1832, called to power in 1827 after the fall of the Villèle ministry, he yielded his place two years later to M. de Polignac.

Maubreuil (*de*), 1782-1855, adventurer, condemned several times for theft, and for assaulting M. de Talleyrand in 1827.

Mauguin, 1785-1854 deputy for Beaune, one of the leaders of the advanced party, member of the Commission of the Hôtel de Ville in July 1830.

Méchin (*Baron*), 1762-1849, deputy for L'Aisne, stood high in the ranks of the Liberal Opposition.

Metternich (*Prince*), 1773-1859, after being Austrian ambassador in Paris, was Foreign Minister at Vienna from 1809-1848. In Paris he was the intimate friend of the Duchess of Abrantès.

Michaud, 1767-1839, writer, member of French Academy, author of *La Biographie Universelle.*

Montalivet (*Count de*), 1801-1880, minister for Home Affairs in 1830.

Montbel (*Count de*), 1787-1881, Minister of Public Education and Worship, afterwards, for Home Affairs, and Finance in the Polignac Cabinet. Signed the Ordinances; condemned at the trial of the Ministers and released in 1837.

Montlosier (*Count de*), 1755-1838, popular on account of his writings and campaign against the Jesuits. Helped to prepare the Revolution of 1830.

Mouchy (*Duke of, Count de Noailles*), 1777-1846, deputy for La Meurthe, afterwards, peer of France.

Orleans (*Duke of*), 1810-1842, eldest son of Louis-Philippe.

Oudinot (*Marshal Duke of Reggio*), 1767-1847, appointed in 1824 to reorganise the Saumur cavalry school; resigned in 1830 and was not recalled till 1831.

Pujol (*General*), 1772-1844, fought the Villèle ministry under Charles X; in 1830 took the lead of the movement against the Ordinances and advanced on Rambouillet. Appointed Governor of Paris by Louis-Philippe.

Pasquier, 1786-1762, Keepet of the Seals and Minister for Foreign Affairs under Louis XVIII. Opposed the policy of Villèle and Peyronnet and was nominated President of the Chamber of Peers by Louis-Philippe.

Pastoret (*de*), 1756-1840, member of French Academy, peer of France, chancellor in 1829. Left public life after 1830.

Périer (*Augustin*), 1773-1833, deputy for L'Isère, one of the 221, created peer of France.

Périer (*Casimir*), 1777-1832, celebrated deputy who strongly opposed the Villèle and Polignac ministries. One of the

221, played a leading part in the July events. President of the Chamber of Deputies, read the Declaration of August 9 which gave the throne to Louis-Philippe. Appointed President of the Council, he adapted the policy of a *via media*.

Peyronnet (*de*), 1778-1854, Keeper of the Seals in the Villèle Cabinet, introduced the notorious Bill "of Justice and Love," which established the censorship of all newspapers. Minister for Home Affairs in the Polignac Cabinet, he published the Ordinances of July 25, 1830. Condemned to perpetual detention at the trial of the Ministers, he was released in 1836.

Polignac (*de*), 1780-1847, President of the Council under Charles X, he counter-signed the Ordinances of July 25; condemned to perpetual detention at the trial of the Ministers, he was released in 1836.

Pons (*Count Gaspard de*), captain in the 7th Regiment of Light Infantry.

Pons (*de l'Herault*), 1770-1853, Prefect of the Jura under Louis-Philippe.

Portalis (*Count de*), 1778-1858, Keeper of the Seals in the Martignac Cabinet; afterwards Minister for Foreign Affairs. Became first president of the Court of Appeal.

Quelen (*de*), 1778-1839, Archbishop of Paris, his zeal for reaction made him unpopular and led to the sacking of the Archiepiscopal Palace in the riots of 1831.

Ragusa (*see* Marmont)

Rambuteau (*Count de*), 1781-1869, Opposition deputy under Charles X, made Prefect of the Seine by Louis-Philippe (1833), keeping that post till 1848.

Raspail, 1794-1878, wounded at the barricades in July 1830. His spirit of independence led him into many difficulties with the authorities.

Reyneval (*Gérard de*), 1778-1836, ambassador at Berne, Vienna (1829), and Madrid.

Raynouard, 1761-1836, writer and playwright, member of French Academy.

Récamier (*Doctor*), 1774-1852, cousin of the banker Récamier, husband of the celebrated Madame Récamier, professor of medicine at the Collège de France, he refused to take the oath to the July government and was declared resigned from his post.

Récamier (Madame), 1777-1848, at the age of 15 married a banker, cousin of Dr. Récamier; celebrated for her wit and influence over Benjamin Constant and Chateaubriand. Her salon at l'Abbaye-au-Bois was famous.

Ries, 1784-1838, musician, friend and disciple of Beethoven, whose biography he wrote.

Rigny (*Count de*), 1782-1835, commanded the French squadron at the Battle of Navarino (20 Oct., 1827). Appointed Vice-Admiral after that victory, he refused the Ministry of the Marine in the Polignac Cabinet and accepted it under Louis-Philippe.

Rivière (*Duke of*), 1763-1828, General, peer of France; appointed tutor of the Duke of Bordeaux by the Count d'Artois.

Rochemore (*Marquis de*), Marshal, master of ceremonies under Charles X.

Rossini, 1792-1868, celebrated Italian composer, author of *Il Barbiere di Seviglia.*

Roy Count, 1764-1847, financier, Minister of Finance several times under the Restoration.

Royer Collard, 1763-1845, philosopher and politician, president of the Chamber of deputies under Charles X; presented the Address of the 221 to the King. Retired from public life after 1830.

Saint Jacques (*Baron de*), aide-de-camp to the Duke of Bourbon.

Sébastiani (*General Count*), 1772-1851, deputy for Corsica under the Restoration, Minister of the Marine and Minister of State under Louis-Philippe.

Séguier, 1768-1848, president of the Court of Appeal in Paris, admired by the Liberals on account of his attitude at the time of the lawsuits against the Press.

Ségur (*M. de, père*), 1753-1830, ambassador at Berlin; obliged to give up his post after a duel in 1792.

Ségur (*Count de*), 1780-1873, member of the French Academy in 1830, author of memoirs and historical works.

Soumet (*Alexandre*), 1788-1845, poet and playwright, member of French Academy.

Surval (*Baron de*), manager of the estates of the Duke of Bourbon.

Talleyrand (*Duke de*), 1754-1838, after playing an important rôle under the Empire, he became Chamberlain of France under the Restoration, and was appointed Ambassador in London immediately after the July Revolution.

Talma, 1763-1826, famous tragedian much liked by Napoleon.

Ternaux, 1763-1853, industrialist and Liberal deputy, took an active part in the July Revolution.

Thierry (*Augustin*), 1795-1856, historian, author of *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*, etc.

Tocqueville (*Count de*), 1797-1877, captain of dragoons in the Royal Guards. Took to agriculture after the July Revolution.

Vatimesnil (*de*), 1789-1860, Minister of Public Education in the Martignac Cabinet, showed Liberal ideas and afterwards adhered to Louis-Philippe.

Villèle (*Count de*), 1773-1854, deputy for Haute Garonne, Minister of Finances, afterwards President of the Council from 1822 to 1827. Gave up politics after 1830.

Villemain, 1790-1870, writer, member of French Academy, signed the Address of the 221 and was elected deputy for Eure in 1830.

Vitrolles (*Baron de*), 1774-1854, Charles X's trusty man; almost became minister in the place of Polignac.

Wellington (*Lord*), 1769-1852, victor at Waterloo; was Prime Minister in England in 1830.

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